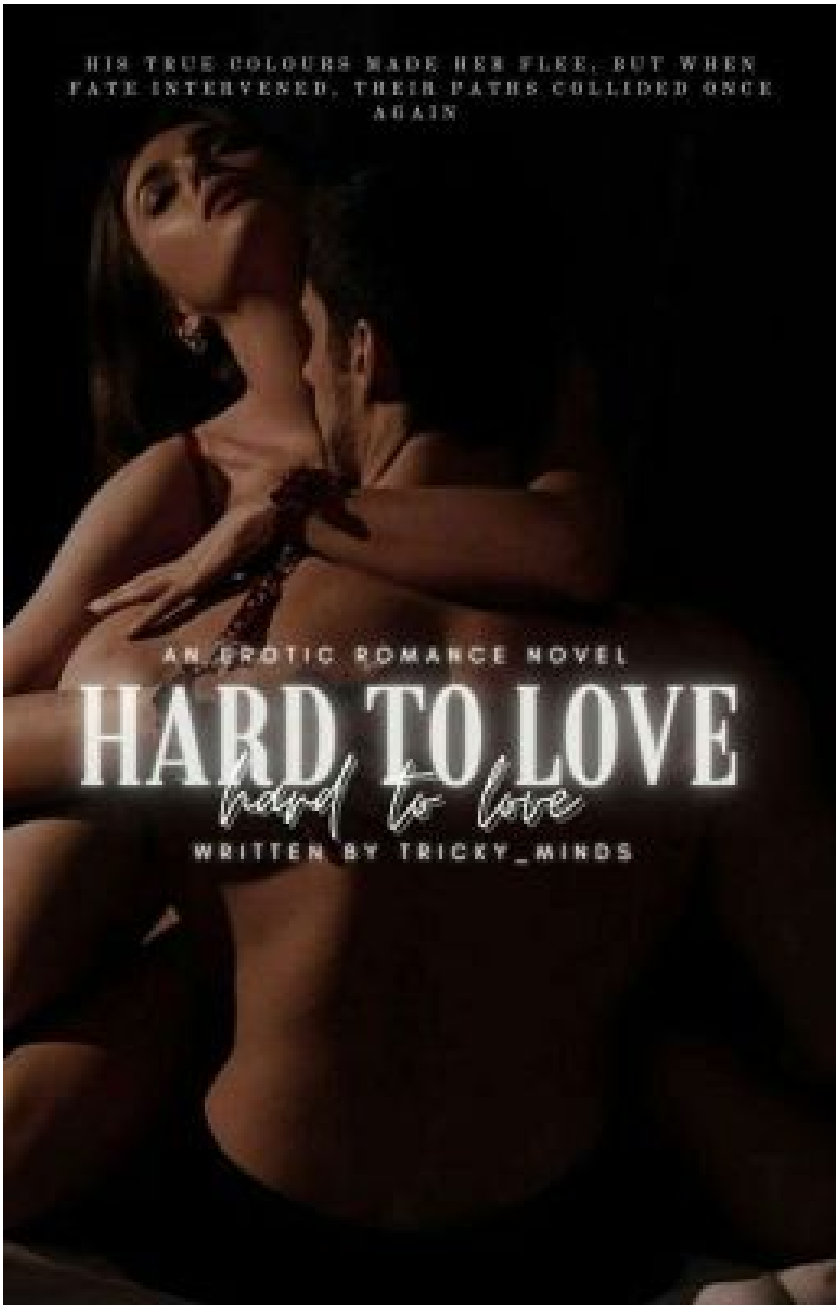
HIS TRUE COLOURS MADE HER FLEE, BUT WHEN FATE INTERVENED, THEIR PATHS COLLIDED ONCE AGAIN
AN EROTIC ROMANCE NOVEL
HARD TO LOVE
Hard to love
WRITTEN BY TRICKY_MINDS

Hard To Love |18+

ABBY

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Dedication

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Dedication

To those who seek out their darkest fears and write with courage.

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Disclaimer

This book contains:

• Explicit sex scenes.

• Bondage and submission.

• Dark themes in the latter part of the book.

Please go back right now if you're uncomfortable with any of these.

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Finished On: 12th August, 2021

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Hard To Love

I really hope you all will like this story and leave constructive criticism because there's always room for improvement. Thanks for giving this book a chance. I'm truly grateful to have your support and love.

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Character Aesthetic:

Credit for all the aesthetics goes to floragraphics

00| Prologue

"I'm leaving," Amelia said as she stood in front of him, her suitcase trailing behind her.

"What?" Ethan asked, looking up from his screen.

"I'm leaving," her voice was a notch higher this time, making him arch an eyebrow.

"I'm done with all your shit. You act like you're some kind of God. Well, you're not, Ethan."

"Are you okay?" He chuckled, amusement dancing in his eyes.

It infuriated her. Everything about him infuriated her yet also pulled her in.

"You know my hard limits. What makes you think you're allowed to push them?" She asked, glaring at him, trying to burn holes in his skull by her looks.

The relaxed look vanished from his face if only for a second, giving way to a more humanly emotion. Something between regret and guilt.

"I'm..." he began, his voice soft and Amelia had the feeling that he was going to say sorry, "Our contract is not over yet."

She wanted to grab the vase next to her and throw it at him but instead, she clenched her fist, her nails digging into the skin of her palms.

"It is now. And I hope to never see you again."

"You can't leave. You're too obsessed with the idea of being with me," he said as he stood up and made his way towards her.

"It's not true. You're an asshole who doesn't respect anyone's boundaries and I won't be spending another second with you anymore," she scoffed.

"You can't resist me," he said wearing a lazy smirk as he closed his fingers around her wrist.

He stopped, his black eyes boring into her blue ones. He cupped her face, the action almost too intimate coming from Ethan.

He dragged the pad of his thumb across her lower lip, his gaze lingering on her lips a little longer than necessary.

Then he smirked. The same smirk that made her want to slap him. It was mocking, always mocking. It made her feel inferior and small.

He smirked as if reading her thoughts, his muscular frame making

it hard for her to concentrate elsewhere.

He was right.

She couldn't resist him. Not when he was this near. When his scent was all around her, suffocating her, making it hard to think clearly.

She pushed him away, even though all she wanted was to kiss him. But she knew that staying with him would only give her pain.

She gathered all her strength and backed away, putting on a disgusted look on her face.

"You are the one who can't resist me, Ethan Williams," she said, her face twisting into a cold grin.

She hastily grabbed her suitcase, pulling it after her as she made her way out of the lounge.

It was the day she swore to never get into BDSM ever again because it'd always remind her of Ethan and he was the one person she wanted to forget.

His shocked face was the last thing she saw before she slammed the double doors behind her.

01| One year later

Amelia stepped out of the car and was instantly hit by a gust of the cold night air. She wrapped the scarf tightly around herself, adjusting the strap of the bag on her shoulder as she took in her surroundings.

There were large buildings in front of her and people were walking close together to protect themselves from the bitter cold. Cars swooshed by behind her and she felt a warm hand close around her cold one.

She looked up to see Alex standing next to her, looking proud of himself.

"Let's get inside," Alex whispered and she nodded gratefully as she followed him inside the apartments.

The atmosphere changed drastically and Amelia breathed a sigh of relief. The driver and Alex went outside to collect their remaining luggage as she stood there. The inside was warm and cozy as people walked by smiling merrily at her.

"What's the floor?" She asked as Alex came back dragging a suitcase behind him. He tipped the taxi driver and the driver went back outside.

"Third," he replied as he fumbled for the keys in his pocket.

The lobby was large, with a fireplace burning with dying embers at one corner and comfy couches resting around the fireplace.

They walked towards the elevator, dragging the two large suitcases behind them.

"It should be there," Alex said pointing towards the right corridor as the elevator dinged open on the third floor.

"I think it's on the left side," Amelia said, shaking her head.

Alex's frown from earlier turned into a mischievous glint as he asked, "And what if it's not?"

Amelia smirked at him before whispering, "Then I'm all yours."

Alex grinned before turning towards the right and Amelia walked towards the left.

She was looking through the numbers but stopped as she heard a loud shout echo through the empty corridor.

"Am, it's here." Alex's voice echoed.

She grinned to herself and shook her head before rushing towards the right side of the empty corridor.

Alex was standing outside of a door bearing the number 200, wearing a triumphant smirk. Amelia bit her lip and opened the door nervously.

They were standing in a small lounge decorated with blue sofas. There were two rooms and a joint kitchen which had matching blue and white furniture. This was better than what Amelia was expecting.

"It's a bit small but we'll manage," Alex said as his eyes took in his new home.

"Yeah, we'll manage," Amelia said as they stepped into the house, closing the door behind them.

They stood in the center of the room, taking in the state of the house, making mental notes of all the things that needed changing.

"Come on," Alex murmured, grabbing her hand and pulling her towards a dusty-looking couch.

He sat down and she reluctantly followed, slowly relaxing and leaning back into the welcoming warmth of Alex's body.

"It's tomorrow, isn't it. Your interview?" Amelia asked as Alex wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her closer.

"Hey, thank you for doing this. For moving here with me. It means a lot to me," he said, sincerity lacing his voice

Amelia smiled, "It's alright, Alex. My job was shitty and I wanted a change. I'll probably get that here. And the best thing is, my parents are far far away now."

Although this town did bring back a lot of memories, Amelia was persistent in finding a good job and avoiding Ethan Williams as long as she could. After all, he was just a bad chapter in her life.

Alex nodded before a grin took over his features and he said, "But you lost the bet."

Amelia giggled as she pulled Alex by his collar and kissed him. He cupped her face and kissed her back passionately. His hand slipped under her shirt and he unclasped her bra before taking her white tank top off.

He pulled back from the kiss and scooped her in his arms, carrying her to their bedroom.

The room was messy but nothing they couldn't handle. There was a bed laying in the center with sparse furniture to decorate the room.

He put her down gently and before she could start worrying about the situation of the room, Alex kissed her hard, taking her mind off her surroundings.

She moaned in his mouth as he bit on her lower lip. His hands reached down to her breasts, tugging and pulling at her nipples.

Amelia arched her back, her moans filling the room.

She closed her eyes, wrapping her arms around his waist, savoring the feeling of his skin against hers.

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The loud alarm clock blared next to Amelia's ear and she groaned before rolling over and shutting the alarm clock off.

She reached over and shook Alex's sleeping form.

"Al. Al, you're gonna be late for your interview." She said groggily. Alex muttered something under his breath and rolled away from her reach.

Amelia pulled a pillow and aimed it at him. It hit him squarely on the nose and he abruptly sat upright, looking confused.

Amelia laughed at him and he gave her an annoyed look before heading towards the washroom. He came out a few minutes later, fully dressed and ready for the interview. Amelia slipped out from under the duvets and walked over to him.

"How long would it take?" She asked, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"An hour at most," he said resting his forehead against hers.

"Please bring something to eat when you come back. I'm too tired to cook," Amelia said.

"Sure," he said.

"Good luck. You'll do great," she said, kissing him softly as he walked out of the door and closed it behind him.

A tired groan left her lips as she looked at the suitcases waiting for her in the lounge.

She went to the washroom to get dressed and get started with what she hoped would be a good day.

02| Well, shit!

"You know, it's been a month since we moved to Lowood," Alex said as Amelia put down her phone and turned her attention to him.

"It's been a good month, hasn't it?" She questioned, snuggling closer to him.

"It has been. How's your job going?"

"It's boring but it's a little less boring than the last one," she stated, making Alex chuckle.

"Babe, I was thinking of calling some collegues over for dinner tomorrow. Is that okay with you?" He asked as Amelia continued to run her fingers through his blond hair.

"Yeah, of course. It's okay."

"Great." He whispered as she slid a hand under his shirt, drawing random shapes. He leaned back on the sofa, relaxing under her touch.

She rested her head on his shoulder as he wrapped a hand around her waist, pulling her closer. Their peaceful moment was rudely interrupted by Amelia's phone ringing. She groaned as she pulled away from Alex and reached for her phone.

"It's mom," she said, scrunching up her nose.

"Go on," Alex urged her.

She sighed and picked up the phone, knowing it can't be anything good.

"Hi, mom."

"Amelia, where have you been? I've been trying to call you for an hour." Her mom said as a way of greeting.

"Sorry mom, I was at work."

"You should always have your with you, Am."

"They don't allow phones during business meetings," she said, Alex's hand on her back giving her some comfort, "Is everything okay?"

"Yes, of course. Your dad and I just wanted to ask when you're coming back home?" She asked and Amelia felt like she'd cry.

She wanted to go back home. She really did. But she was sure her parents would do something to ruin her life.

"I... I have no plans of coming back yet, mom," she said, recalling how she has had that same conversation with her so many time before.

"We miss you, Lia. Your dad and I. You can't keep living like that. With that boyfriend of yours."

Amelia groaned.

Here we go again.

"Living like what, mom? I'm happy. I like the way I'm living."

"If you really feel like that, maybe you should marry him and there won't be a problem."

"Oh, my God, mom. There still isn't a problem. You're just making one up."

"Darling, I..." she began but Amelia cut her off.

"I'm really tired mom. I gotta go," she said, quickly hanging up.

Amelia sighed before burying her face in Alex's shoulder, breathing in his comforting smell.

"I don't know why she hates me so much." She mumbled.

Her mom and dad were religious. They hated the concept of a live-in relationship and Amelia had done just that. Ran away with Alex to escape their constant taunts.

"She doesn't hate you. She's your mom. She can't hate you," Alex said running a hand through her long black hair.

"I think she hates me more than she hates you," Alex said matter of factly.

"I definitely agree with that." Amelia laughed before pulling him in a kiss.

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Friday evening was chaotic, to say the least. Alex was pacing around the lounge nervously, waiting for his colleagues.

"Babe calm down. Why are you so nervous?" Amelia sighed at the sight of her distressed boyfriend.

"You know I always get nervous whenever I have visitors," he said.

"Okay, at least come and sit down. You're giving me anxiety too."

He finally sat down, twirling his hands nervously in his lap. Amelia held his hands and sat down on his lap, running her hand through his hair.

Alex smiled despite his anxiety as she continued to straddle him.

"Just don't think about it." She whispered into his ear.

She tilted his head to the side and sucked on his soft spot earning a moan from Alex. Alex's hand traveled down her skirt and towards her thigh.

"Not the time," she whispered as she put her hand on his to stop him.

She pulled back, a satisfied grin on her face as she looked at Alex, who looked remarkably relaxed as compared to earlier.

"You'll have to hide that up," Amelia said pointing to the love bite

on Alex's neck.

"And you'll have to cover up your lipstick," he said with a smirk as Amelia got up and went towards their room.

The bell echoed inside the room making the two of them jump.

"I'll get it," Alex said as he excused himself, closing the bedroom door behind him.

Amelia heard the telltale sound of the door shutting close and an outburst of talk in the lounge.

She finished putting on her lipstick and adjusted her skirt as she stepped outside the room.

There were at least five to six men in her living room, shaking Alex's hand and handing him bottles of wine.

She looked around the room, a bit of nervousness creeping into her. Her gaze stopped at an unfamiliar figure with black hair and a well-built body but he had his back to her.

Why does he look so familiar?

Her thoughts were interrupted by someone blocking her view of the mysterious man. She looked up to see Alex standing in front of him, looking excited.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and guided her to a bunch of people sitting on the couch.

"Guys this is Amelia. Am this is Aaron, Dylan, and Leo." Alex introduced.

"Hi guys," Amelia smiled with a polite nod. They all chorused a 'hello' and she grinned in response.

As soon as she felt Alex's grip loosening around her, she twisted around in her spot to check on the mysterious man who had occupied her thoughts ever since she'd stepped out of the room.

The sight in front of her made her mouth fell open and her heart stop.

Ethan stood there, leaning against the kitchen counter, and was involved in deep conversation with another of Alex's friends.

He looked exactly as Amelia remembered him. Short black hair, hands always in his pocket while talking to anyone, and his face void of any emotions.

She stood there gaping at him until he turned his head in her direction. She wanted to turn around so he can't see her but too late.

A flicker of absolute shock on his face and then a smirk. A smirk that made Amelia's blood run cold.

03| Fear

"Do you know him?" Alex's voice bought Amelia back to the present.

"Alex." She choked out unable to keep the fear out of her voice.

"Babe are you alright?" Alex asked, his expressions one of concern.

"I.. I'll be back in a minute," Amelia said, managing a strangled smile as she rushed back to the room as fast as she could without running.

She let out a deep breath the moment she closed the door behind him. Her heart was beating so hard, it felt like it would burst out of her chest. She had a very bad feeling about this and she knew it wouldn't end well.

She hid her face in her hands as she took deep breaths to calm herself. She gathered all her courage and went outside once again, her heart beating uncontrollably. The first thing she saw was Alex's worried face looking at her.

She smiled despite her fears as she gave him a reassuring look. She tried not to look at Ethan while Alex introduced her to all his friends. Her heart almost stopped when he stopped in front of Ethan.

"This is my boss, Ethan. Ethan this is Amelia." He introduced.

"Nice to meet you, Amelia," Ethan said as he extended his arm for her to shake. Amelia held his arm with her trembling one as she felt Ethan's grip tightening on her arm.

She quickly pulled back, still not making eye contact as she went to the other side of the room.

Dinner was chaotic, to say the least. There was constant chatter around the little room as Alex helped Amelia with the plates and dishes.

"Alex, I'm not hungry right now. You guys can eat. I'll eat when I feel like it." Amelia said.

"Ok sure," Alex said, shooting her a concerned look as Amelia bade goodbye to all his friends, saying she wasn't feeling well before going back to her bedroom and heaving a sigh of relief.

She didn't had any plans of coming out until everyone was gone. Ethan's continuous gaze on her and his smirks were making her sick.

She pulled out her phone in an attempt to distract herself from her wild thoughts but was interrupted by a loud knock on her door and she went to open the door, expecting Alex but instead, was greeted by Ethan's smirking face.

Her breath caught in her throat as she numbly stared at him.

"I want to use the bathroom." He said, his smirk deepening as he walked inside without her permission.

"Use the guestroom," she managed to say, gaining some of her senses back.

"What are you doing here?" Ethan asked, the question taking Amelia by surprise.

"I moved here with my boyfriend," Amelia said, trying to calm her frantic heart.

She was never really scared of Ethan, except for the beginning of their contract.

But this was different. She had Alex now and she didn't wanted to lose him.

"Weird coincidence, isn't it? That the boyfriend of my ex-sub works for me," he said, suddenly taking a step towards her.

"Ethan, don't. Please," she whispered, taking a step back.

He paused, his expression blank as he read the fearful look in her eyes.

"I'll leave," he said as he turned and walked out the door.

Amelia sighed, her knees giving way as she leaned against the wall for support.

Almost unwillingly, Ethan's face popped in her head, and memories of all the things that ever happened between them behind closed doors swam through her head.

She quickly shook her head to get rid of the thoughts.

This is not happening. Not again.

What if he told Alex about me? About what I used to do?

Alex didn't know Amelia's whole past and she preferred it that way. She knew Alex wouldn't like it. She didn't like breaking Alex's trust like that but she didn't have the guts to tell him. Not now.

She sat in the room for what felt like hours until she heard the opening and closing of the door and the voices getting quieter.

She wasn't sure if she should go out yet. If everyone was indeed gone, Alex would surely come looking for her.

She was waiting for Alex when she heard a laugh from outside. *Ethan's voice.*

Deciding against her better judgment, she yanked the door open and stepped outside. Her mouth fell open as she watched Ethan and Alex chatting about office work on the couch, with everyone gone.

Before she had any time to quietly slip back into the room, Alex's

beaming face turned towards her.

"Hey, babe. How are you feeling?" He asked.

"Much better." She nodded with a strangled smile.

Alex was already getting suspicious about Amelia acting so odd around Ethan and she didn't want to make him more skeptical so she decided to stay in the same room as them.

Alex walked towards her and kissed her lightly on the lips before pulling a chair for her.

From the corner of her eye, she saw Ethan clenching his fists before he was normal again.

She watched them talk, chiming in between whenever Alex looked at her.

"Excuse me," Alex suddenly said to Ethan and turned to her, "Mr. Jameson wants to talk to me."

"Why? Is everything okay?" She asked.

Mr. Jameson was their landlord and he never called at such a time without any reason and Amelia was sure that they had paid all their bills.

"Don't know. He says it's urgent." He said, and then turning to Ethan, "I'll be back in a minute."

Amelia froze as she realized she'd be alone with Ethan, fear clenching her stomach in a tight knot.

She clenched her fists, trying her best to not be scared. She couldn't show him that he had any effect on her.

She got up and busied herself with cleaning up the messy lounge.

"Do you love him?"

Amelia turned towards him, rolling her eyes.

"Why does it matter?" She asked.

"Still as rude as I remembered you to be." He said, clicking his tongue sympathetically.

"And you are still as arrogant," she retorted, glaring at him.

Her previous fear faded away as she fixated him with an intense stare. He seemed to possess the talent to turn any of her emotions into anger real quick.

"I didn't quite like the way you left my house a year ago," he said with an air of great authority as he got up from the sofa and took a step towards her.

"Do you think I care?" She asked.

"I'm sure you don't but I believe Alex would," he said, his face twisting into a nasty grin.

Quick question: Do you want me to write smut involving Amelia and Alex or should I save it for Ethan?

04| Complications

Amelia's eyes widened as she looked at Ethan with a horrified expression.

"You wouldn't. You wouldn't tell him." She choked out unable to fear out of her voice.

"Of course not. I'm not that evil. I won't tell Alex anything. You will." He said, getting closer with every word.

"I would never." She said firmly, shaking her head as she took a step back and felt her back hit the kitchen counter.

"Oh, so you're going to keep him in the dark forever? Shatter his trust like this?" He asked with an expression of mock concern.

Amelia stared at him with her mouth open, unable to form coherent words as Ethan crossed the remaining distance between them and placed his hands on either side of the kitchen counter, trapping Amelia in between.

"You'll have to tell him about us one day or another and I'll be here waiting for that day." He whispered in her ear, his voice sending shivers down her spine.

Before she could have time to retort, Ethan stepped back and casually strode towards the sofa, passing Amelia a lazy grin.

The door opened and Alex stepped inside, looking a bit puzzled.

"Is everything alright?" Ethan asked him as he sat down on an empty chair.

"Yeah, everything's fine. Mr. Jameson said he never called me." He said with a frown.

Amelia's eyes widened as she realized it must have been Ethan's plan so that he can send Alex away.

"Well, then Alex I should leave now. It's pretty late." Ethan announced getting up from the couch.

Alex stood up too and Amelia watched as they said their goodbyes.

She breathed an audible sigh of relief the moment she heard the door close, her stomach relaxing from the uncountable knots it had twisted itself into.

Alex came back after a while, looking tired but happy but his expression turned serious the moment he saw Amelia.

"What happened to you today? Why were you acting all strange?" He asked.

"I... I told you I was not feeling well." She stuttered, trying to sound convincing.

He gave her a 'are you serious' sort of look before heading towards their room.

"Alex!" She called out as she rushed after him.

"Why are you mad at me?" She asked incredulously as she closed the bedroom door behind her.

"I'm not mad at you. I just don't know why you're lying to me." He said as he took off his shirt.

"I'm not lying. I swear I just got this sudden headache." She lied feeling terrible with every passing minute.

"Did you take any medicine?" He asked, slipping into bed. She nodded silently as she climbed onto the bed, pulling Alex into a passionate kiss in an attempt to forget everything that happened that night.

He responded immediately, flipping her over so that he was on top, his mouth moving with hunger as he nipped on her lower lip making her gasp.

His tongue darted inside, exploring every inch of her mouth as she moaned loudly.

He hastily took off her shirt and slid his hand under her skirt, rubbing her sensitive skin through the thin fabric of her panties.

She moaned, yanking on his hair to pull him closer. He groaned against her mouth, pulling her underwear down to her knees as he continued rubbing her wet clit with his fingers.

"Oh, god!" She moaned grabbing the headrest for support as he increased his pace. He slid his finger inside her, making her scream with pleasure.

"Alex, stop with the teasing." She begged, feeling her muscles contract with pleasure

Alex looked at her, his eyes darkening with lust as he took his pants and boxers off leaving himself naked. She felt his cock press against her inner thigh as she bit back another moan. He entered her roughly making her scream out in pleasure.

"Go faster." She moaned, closing her eyes as he continued to thrust into her, his pace getting faster.

"I'm about to cum." She panted, her muscles tightening against his cock. He kept on thrusting harder and faster until his thrusts got uneven and his breathing increased.

Waves of pleasure hit her as he filled her up to the brim and fell next to her, his heavy breaths tingling her neck.

She ran a lazy hand through his hair as he looked at her with a satisfied smirk. She rolled her eyes, pulling him closer as she put her head on his shoulder, both too tired to speak.

Author's Note: Short chapter but hope you liked it. Thanks for taking the time to read my book. It means the absolute world to me❤

05| Memories

"Amelia, wake up." Alex's frustrated voice called out. Amelia groaned pulling the sheets over her head as she continued to sleep on.

She felt a hand on her thigh which began to travel up to her exposed clit. She gasped, her eyes fluttering open as she looked at Alex, wearing a smug smirk.

"You'll be late for work." He said as he got up and stood in front of the dressing table, leaving Amelia feeling empty. Another groan escaped her lips as she dragged her body from the bed, her eyelids heavy from sleep.

"It's so cold." She complained, wrapping her arms around herself as she headed towards the washroom.

She hugged Alex from behind, who was completely dressed and ready. He twisted around, pulling her close as she sighed contentedly into his chest. He kissed her softly on the forehead, his hand caressing her nipple. She gasped, her body immediately reacting to his touch but he pulled back.

She started at him before huffing impatiently as she stepped into the washroom. She dressed up quickly putting on some jeans and a sweatshirt as she stepped out of the shower. The delicious smell of pancakes filled her nostrils and she quickly went towards the kitchen, her mouth stretching into a grin as she watched Alex cooking breakfast.

She went inside, helping him here and there and they both were soon seated on the chairs lined against the counter, their plates filled with pancakes.

"Ethan invited us to his place for dinner today," Alex said casually as he took a bite of the pancake. Amelia almost choked on her orange juice as she stared at him with a bewildered look.

"Why? I don't want to go." She blurted out.

"What do you have against Ethan?" He asked frowning at her.

"Nothing. I just don't want to go."

"Oh come on Amelia. It'll only be for a few hours."

*You don't know the things that could happen in just a few hour*s. She thought furiously, sure that this was Ethan's another nasty trick to torture her but she wasn't going to give in this time.

"Fine. I'll go." She said firmly determined to tell Ethan to leave

her alone.

"Great," Alex said grinning at her.

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Amelia looked at herself in the mirror, her black hair falling in soft curls below her shoulders. She had chosen a brown crop top with a white skirt that reached just below her knees. She sighed hating herself for agreeing to go back to the place which held so many memories.

"Come on babe. We'll be late." Alex's voice called, bringing her back to her senses as she put Alex's jacket on and stepped outside.

Amelia's heart was ready to jump out of her chest any second so she stayed quiet the whole ride, not even trusting her voice. She watched as the cab driver took all the familiar turns and finally stopped in front of a big house.

She closed her eyes, taking deep breaths as she stepped out of the car. Alex wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her into him. She smiled despite her situation as she walked through the beautiful lawn and stopped in front of the gate as Alex rang the bell.

The door opened revealing a gorgeous-looking Ethan. He was dressed in all black, his tight shirt hugging his well-built body. Amelia's breath caught in her throat as she looked at him and he smirked knowingly. Amelia quickly morphed her expressions into a scowl.

Ethan's eyes flicked to Alex's arm that was wrapped around Amelia's waist and she thought she saw a dark look cross his face but it disappeared as soon as it had appeared and Amelia dismissed it as her imagination.

He smiled and welcomed them inside holding Amelia's hand a little longer than was necessary. She jerked her hand back glaring at him as she followed Alex inside.

Everything was exactly as she remembered as she stood in the center of the living room. The sofas and the television, with curtains, draped over the windows. She walked further towards the dining table and her eyes flickered towards the kitchen counter.

She could almost feel Ethan's hand on her body as she sat on that very counter with him inside her as if it were yesterday. She closed her eyes and gripped Alex's elbow to support herself as she sat down on one of the sofas facing the telly.

His whole house was decorated in black and grey furniture, which Amelia thought, went with his personality very well. Dark and dominant.

She knew she was going to be bored to death as she watched Alex and Ethan indulge in conversation.

She sighed as she looked around the room. The long staircase on

the right side of the room led up to where all the rooms were. The guest room, the playroom, and Ethan's room in which Amelia was never allowed.

The hours passed excruciatingly slow as she watched her phone every few minutes.

Finally, Ethan stood up, announcing that dinner was ready. She would be dragging Alex back home the moment dinner was over.

Ethan walked past her, his hand brushing her hips. She bit back a gasp as she quietly followed the two of them to the table.

She had never been this uncomfortable around any of Alex's friends and Alex was sensing it too as he kept glancing at Amelia now and again. She was always good at holding a conversation and making new friends but Ethan was a different case.

Ethan sat down at the table as a middle-aged woman came down from the stairs. Amelia gasped looking at the familiar brown eyes and sharp features.

Liv had been working as Ethan's cook plus maid for a long time. Amelia remembered having chats with her as she told her stories of his 7-year-old daughter. She was always a sweet company but now Amelia couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding gripping her.

Amelia watched as Liv's eyes widened as she looked at her with disbelief written all over her face. Amelia tried to shake her head to stop her from saying anything that could get her in trouble but too late.

"Miss Harold!" She exclaimed excitedly and Amelia felt her stomach drop.

06| Too much drama

"How," he began, his confused expressions slowly turning into one of dawning realization, "Do you know her?"

"She was..." Liv paused, taking in the sudden thickness in the air and the silence that had suddenly slithered in.

Alex turned to Amelia, his brows raised in question.

She wanted to shake her head to stop Liv but she couldn't move a muscle.

"She stayed here with us for a few months," Liv said, her voice soft and unsure.

Amelia's heart stopped as she looked at Alex, shaking her head silently as words refused to spill out of her mouth.

"You..you stayed here?" He asked, his confusion turning into understanding.

His mouth fell open as he looked at Amelia for some sort of reassurance. To hear that the lady in front of him was misunderstood but the fear on his girlfriend's face gave her away.

He stood up abruptly, putting two and two together.

"Amelia?" He questioned, hurt clear on his face but was met with silence.

"No... no Alex it's not what you think," Amelia whispered, finding her voice back.

"I really hope it's not," she heard him mutter before he turned to her, "Let's go home."

Amelia hid her surprise at that softness of his voice and nodded but Alex was already gone, walking towards the door with fast steps.

Amelia turned to Ethan with a furious glare on her face as she tried not to break down.

Liv was still standing on the stairs, her hand on her mouth as she realized what had happened.

"Miss Amelia, I'm so sorry. I... I didn't know..." She began but Amelia cut her off.

"No Liv, it's not your fault. Can you please leave us alone?" She asked looking at her. She nodded and scurried upstairs.

Amelia grabbed Ethan's collar, pulling him down so that he was on her eye level.

"You had this all planned, didn't you? You knew this would

happen?" She questioned, her voice calculated and cold.

"No. I didn't know this could happen," He said idly, holding back the urge to roll his eyes.

She scoffed, her delicate features contorted with anger.

"Don't lie to me. You wanted to tell Alex the truth about me the moment you knew that I'm back." She hissed through gritted teeth.

"Listen to me, Amelia." Ethan said, grabbing her hand which was wrapped around his collar and yanking it out of her grip, "All I want to do right now is bend you over a desk and punish you so hard, you won't be able to walk for days."

Amelia stumbled back, not expecting to hear this sort of response as she felt heat flooding between her legs.

He glared at her, his dark eyes boring into her very soul and she blinked twice, unable to handle the intensity of his gaze.

"Why are you doing this? Don't you usually leave your subs alone once the contract is over? Why are you torturing me like that?" She asked.

He leaned forward, his mouth next to her ear as he whispered, "Because you're fucking amazing in bed."

He paused for effect as Amelia sucked in a deep breath.

"Also, your attitude bruised my ego, love." He added, nipping on her earlobe.

Amelia jerked back to her sense, feeling his breath fan her face as she pushed him back with all her strength.

"You're an asshole." She said as she rushed out of the house, slamming the door behind her, a sense of Dèjà Vu engulfing her, making it hard to breathe.

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Amelia stood beside Alex as he fumbled to fit the key into the lock. His hands were shaking.

She could feel the tension in the air around them, stealing the breath from her lungs.

She tentatively reached forward, gripping his hand with hers. She heard him inhale sharply and the lock clicked, the door creaking open.

The house was plunged in darkness as she groped around for the switch and turned the light on.

"Why didn't you tell me about him?" Alex asked and she stilled.

She'd told him about all of her past relations and she knew what knowing that about her meant for him.

It wasn't supposed to be a big deal but she knew why it would be hard for Alex.

"I didn't think it was important," she said.

"I know the lifestyle he leads. Were you into that?"

"I was," she said.

It didn't felt right. Nothing about that felt right to Amelia but she willed herself to keep steady.

"Was?"

"Alex, it's not important now. I left all that behind long before I met you," she said, her voice rising ever so slightly.

He opened his mouth to say something but then closed it, something between understanding and pain floating in his eyes.

"You were the one who convinced me to move here. Why back to Lowood of all the places?" He asked.

"I.." She wasn't sure. She'd never stopped to think about it. She'd always told herself it was because it was the closest to her town and because of the numerous job opportunities.

"It was because of him, wasn't it? Because of Ethan?" Alex asked, his words ringing around the small space, swallowing Amelia whole.

"What?"

It was the only word that came to her head. That wasn't it. That couldn't be. She'd never been able to completely forget Ethan but moving back to Lowood because of him?

No, it wasn't because of Ethan.

A sad, almost pained smile took over Alex's features.

He nodded, turning on his heels and heading towards the door.

Amelia reacted quickly, grabbing his wrist to stop him.

"No. No, Alex. It wasn't because of him. I swear it wasn't because of Ethan," she said but she wasn't so sure about it anymore.

Had she always been hoping to see him again?

But now that she'd seen him, the only thing he'd given her was pain.

Alex's piercing gaze darted to her shaking hands and he heaved a sigh, the smile dropping and a darker expression taking over his features.

"It's okay," he whispered.

"No, it's not. None of this is okay," Amelia said furiously, a lone tear slipping down her cheek.

"I should leave," he said and she snapped her neck, looking at him questioningly.

"What? Where are you going?"

"I... I just need to clear my head."

"No, no, you're not going anywhere. Please, don't go."

The desperation crept into her voice, tears falling down her cheek.

She felt Alex's cold fingers on her hand, releasing it from around his wrist.

She couldn't form any more words. Her body was tired, she couldn't move her muscles so she stood still, watching him walk out the door.

She flinched as he slammed the door behind him.

Feeling a burning hatred towards Ethan, she hurled the lamp next to her against the wall, shattering it into pieces.

She slumped onto the bed, the tears falling freely from her eyes as she tried not to think of where Alex could be.

She picked up her phone and called him, not expecting him to answer. The bell rang for a few minutes before it went on voice mail.

She took a deep breath, "Alex I'll tell you everything. Please come back home. Please Al."

She paced the room, desperate for his reply as she watched the hours pass.

Exhausted and puffy-eyed, she fell onto the mattress letting sleep take over her, too tired to worry about the morning.

07 | End of a chapter

Beautiful aesthetic for Amelia by -GUCCICLOUDS-

Amelia woke up with a jolt, her eyes darting around the room. It was empty and eerily quiet. She sighed, running a hand through her tangled hair, the memories of last night still fresh.

He's going to break up with me. Amelia thought miserably, her heart dropping as she rubbed her swollen eyes.

She reached for her phone and called Alex, her hands shaking.

"Hi." Came a soft voice from the other side.

"Alex," she said, breathing a sigh of relief.

"Please come back home. We can talk." She muttered.

She heard a sigh and imagined him running a hand through his hair. He always did that when he was frustrated.

"Am, I don't think it's a good idea right now."

"What do you mean? Where are you?"

"I mean that you still need time to sort out your feelings and I still need time to process everything."

He sounded tired and his words were stringing together as if he was drunk.

"So, you're breaking up with me? Over a call?" She said, her voice cracking slightly.

"Amelia, I'm just.." he paused, heaving a tired sigh.

"No, come back home right now. I won't let you break up with me until we talk," she said, her voice firm.

"Okay, fine," he muttered before hanging up.

Amelia knew this was the end of their relationship as she stared at the blank screen of her phone, her heart shattering into pieces.

"It's all your fault, Ethan," Amelia shouted at the empty room, throwing her pillow across the room.

She knew everything about Alex's past. She knew he loved too easily and too much. She knew how he'd been cheated on twice by someone he loved and she knew how sensitive he was about trusting anyone.

Yet, she lied to him.

Her frantic train of thought stopped when she heard the door creak open and light footsteps heading towards her room.

She quickly wiped her eyes and stepped outside.

"Are you drunk?" She asked as she took in Alex's appearance.

He looked as miserable as her. His hair was a tangled mess, sticking up haphazardly and there were bags under his eyes. He reeked of alcohol.

"No, not anymore." He said.

"I'm sorry," Amelia muttered.

"You don't have to be. You have every right to be in a relationship before you met me." He shook his head lightly and a bit of hope flickered in Amelia's chest.

"I should have told you before. It's not fair that you got to know about my past from your friend." She said and he nodded quietly.

They stood there in silence before he walked closer to her. He lifted her chin with his fingers, making her look at him.

"But I have to go." He said softly, his hazel eyes boring into her blue ones.

Amelia's heart dropped as she tried to decipher the emotions behind the dark eyes and blank face.

"Why?" She choked out.

"I've had my heart broken a lot of times and I can't afford that anymore. I won't be able to live if anything happened this time. I'm sorry." He said and the pain in his voice made her heart shatter into a thousand pieces.

"Can I... can I kiss you one last time?" She choked out, refusing to allow the tears to fall.

He smiled and kissed her softly on the lips, his touch sending shivers down her spine as he pulled her into a hug.

Amelia didn't waste a second before wrapping her arms around him, relaxing in his scent for probably the last time.

The rest of the day went in a blur. Amelia remembered Alex telling her that he'll be moving in with a friend of his until he finds a new place.

She stayed on the sofa all day, not having the heart to go inside their room and watch Alex pack his stuff.

She remembered him coming out after almost an hour, carrying a suitcase and they promised to stay in contact. But Amelia knew these were only empty words.

She remembered him giving the house keys back to her as he said one last goodbye before closing the door behind him.

She knew she wouldn't ever be seeing Alex ever again and the thought bought tears as her heart clenched.

The man she had known for almost a year. The man who loved with all his heart and who cared too much. She knew that Alex would always have a special place in her heart.

A\N: If you have read my announcement, you'll know that I wrote this chapter within 1 to 2 hours and I was so excited for

you guys to read it. It's shorter than my usual chapters but I hope you liked it. Thanks for all your support.

08| Beginning of something new

Amelia was awakened by the bell ringing. She had fallen asleep on the couch, not wanting to go inside the room. She groaned, rubbing her eyes to get rid of the sleep. It was almost noon.

She padded across the room and peeped through the keyhole.

Amelia opened the door slowly, unsure why Olivia was here. Liv stood in front of her, clad in all white. She was tapping her foot nervously on the floor and Amelia frowned at her.

"Hi, Amelia." She said in a tiny voice, her eyes filled with guilt.

"Hey, Liv. How did you get here?" Amelia asked, already knowing the answer.

"Ethan gave me your address." She said and Amelia nodded in response. To other people, Liv might just be Ethan William's maid but Ethan loved her like a mother.

Ethan never told her anything about his past but Liv had told her that Ethan's mother died when he was a child and Liv took care of him ever since.

"Come in," Amelia said reluctantly, wanting nothing more than to be left alone.

The elderly woman stepped inside, her eyes taking in the whole house.

"I'm so sorry for what happened today, Am. I had no idea it'd lead you in trouble." She said, looking genuinely sorry.

Amelia sighed, her mind swirling with emotions.

"It was all planned, wasn't it?" She asked after a minute's silence.

"What was?" Liv asked, frowning deeply, making the wrinkles on her forehead more prominent.

"You knew I was coming and Ethan asked you to say that to Alex, didn't he?" Amelia questioned.

"What? No. I didn't know you were coming." She shook her head, looking at the girl in front of her with wide eyes.

"Ethan just told me some of his friends were coming over. And he was pretty mad at me after you left." She continued and Amelia could hear the truth in her voice.

Yet, she had a hard time believing that Ethan didn't have any role in her breakup.

Desperate to blame him, she said, "But if he had told you I was coming, you wouldn't have said what you said. He knew I was

coming over and he could have simply told you that."

Liv opened her mouth to say something but closed it again, shaking her head lightly.

"What?" Amelia asked, filling a glass with water.

"Nothing. But I'm really very sorry." Olivia replied.

"It's OK, Liv. It's not your fault." Amelia sighed, offering her a glass of water.

"So, where's your boyfriend?" She asked, looking around the room.

"He left," Amelia said, her throat suddenly too dry to form coherent words.

There was an audible gasp from Liv as her arm flew to her mouth.

"I'm.." She began but Amelia cut her off.

"I don't want to talk about it."

There was an impregnated silence before Liv stood up abruptly.

"You look like you haven't eaten in days." She asked as she walked towards the kitchen.

"I actually haven't eaten anything since last night." She admitted as her stomach grumbled loudly.

"What are you doing?" She asked as Liv busied herself with checking every cabinet.

"Whipping something up for you." She shrugged, closing the fridge.

"You don't have to," Amelia said, standing up quickly to stop her but she waved her off.

"Oh don't worry about it. Go and sit down. You look miserable." Liv argued, swatting her hand away as Amelia tried to grab the pan.

Amelia smiled, shaking her head as she excused herself to take a bath.

The rest of the evening went very well. Liv was able to take her mind of Alex, even for a little while and they enjoyed Liv's scrumptious food.

She left at almost 10 o'clock and Amelia hugged her, thanking her for coming over and cooking dinner for her.

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After almost a month of sulking, skipping work, and sleepless nights, Amelia stood in front of the mirror, not recognizing her own reflection.

She had dark circles beneath her eyes, her face devoid of all its color and she looked visibly weaker than before.

Today was one of her better days when she didn't felt like staying in bed all day and actually doing something productive. She even went to work and made an effort to look good.

She plopped down on the bed, tired from the days' work. Her eyes took in the condition of her room. Her clothes were sprawled everywhere and a suitcase laid open near her bed, half-filled with some of her necessities.

She'd decided to move out. Just being in that apartment was taking its toll on her. She'd decided to stay with a friend of hers until she could find a new place.

She threw off her shirt, thinking of submitting her resignation letter tomorrow due to the work they were giving her but decided against it.

Just a few more days.

She got up and padded towards the restroom for a shower but the bell stopped her. She frowned as she walked outside and peeped through the keyhole.

Her heart thumped in her chest as she looked at the familiar figure of Ethan standing on her porch.

For a moment she thought of letting him stay here and pretend she's not home and he'd eventually leave but decided against it.

She yanked the door open, glaring at the figure in front of her.

"Hi Am," He muttered as if greeting an old friend.

"What are you doing here?"

"Won't invite me inside?"

"No."

"I just want to talk." He said, sighing softly. Amelia frowned at him but reluctantly let him inside, not wanting to make a scene in front of the neighbors.

She closed the door and clenched her fist, ready to punch him if he tried to do anything.

He settled on a couch, his eyes never leaving her.

"Go on." Amelia urged, wanting him to leave as soon as possible.

He sighed, running a hand through his thick black hair as if he was having difficulty in saying what he was going to say.

"I'm sorry." He blurted out, "For what happened between you and Alex."

Amelia blinked twice, her mouth hanging open but she quickly rearranged her expressions into a mild frown.

She wanted to ask if he had fallen from the stairs or hit his head hard but stopped herself.

"You're here after a month to say that," she scoffed.

He arched an eyebrow, his face contorting in an unreadable expression.

"You can believe whatever you want to but just to be clear, I had no role in whatever happened that day," he paused and noticing the

look on her face, said, "I know what you think. Liv told me everything."

Amelia stood silent, letting his words sink in. She didn't believe him for a second but he was doing an impressive job.

His eyes stopped at the suitcase sitting at the corner of the room.

He stood up abruptly, walking towards her, and her breath caught in her throat.

"Where are you going?" He asked, his voice low. Amelia felt a funny tingling sensation in the pit of her stomach as he stepped closer.

"Leaving." She shrugged, trying to keep her voice firm.

"Why?"

"It's none of your business."

He closed the distance between them, his eyes a shade darker than usual and Amelia's clit throbbed painfully.

Before she could comprehend what was happening, his lips were on hers, moving against her with a fierce passion. His cold hand cupped her face, his thumb drawing circles against the soft skin of her cheek.

He bit her lower lip and she gasped against his mouth. His tongue darted inside her mouth, exploring every inch of her, sending sparks down her body, making her pussy clench.

Before she could enjoy the kiss fully, Ethan pulled away, taking a step back.

"If you want me to stop, say it right now." He said softly, his eyes boring into hers.

Amelia's mind shouted at her to stop, that this was exactly why she had left the town in the first place and that this wasn't right but her body had a mind of its own.

And Alex's loss thrummed painfully in her chest. She needed a distraction and Ethan would provide just that for her.

Slowly, she took a step forward, standing on her tiptoes to kiss him.

She was back where she had started and she knew she was in for a ride once this night was over but as Ethan's lips connected with hers once again, her mind clouded with lust, she forgot all about the next morning and the consequences this night would bring.

Get ready for smut filled next chapter ;) Thank you for reading. What do you think about Ethan? Do you think Amelia should have kicked him out instead? Or are you happy with how their encounter turned out?

You may have noticed the new cover. It's because Alyssa made me a few more amazing covers and I'll be changing them weekly to see which one looks best.

09| Lust

Mature content ahead!!

Amelia tugged at his shirt to pull it off and he broke the kiss, pulling his shirt off, leaving his muscular body on full display. Amelia ran a hand through his toned muscles.

"Like what you see?" He asked as he bit her neck softly.

"Shut up." She muttered but it came out as more of a moan.

His fingers fumbled with the buttons of her shirt, pulling it off, leaving her in a black bra.

His hands traced down her slim body, fumbling with the button of her pants as he played with her nipple through the thin fabric of the bra.

She moaned, tugging at Ethan's hair while his expert hands took off her pants without any hassle, leaving her in matching panties.

He grabbed her ass, hoisting her up and she instantly wrapped her legs around his waist, his growing bulge pressing against her wet pussy.

He smacked her ass, making her moan out in pleasure as he made his way towards the room.

"Not this room. The other one." Amelia managed to whisper against his mouth.

He quickly turned right and twisted the knob of the guest room and pushed Amelia on the bed lightly before going back to lock the door even though no one was home.

Amelia panted, her wet pussy throbbing with need. Ethan came back within a second, pushing her backward as his fingers rubbed her swollen pussy through the thin fabric of her panties, setting her nerves on fire, his mouth latching onto hers again.

She'd never admit how much her body missed his touch.

"Ethan," she whimpered, her voice filled with desperate desire.

"Patience, love." He muttered, finally taking off her panties.

She closed her eyes waiting for his fingers inside her but instead, she heard the tell-tale sound of a belt being unbuckled

"Take off your bra." His husky voice called out and the next second, her hands were tied from the bedpost

His slid two fingers inside her and she moaned out, already on the verge of orgasm while his mouth latched onto her nipple, sucking and biting her bud, sending her closer to her peak.

Her hands grazed the rough surface of the belt and she arched her back, desperate for more contact.

He chuckled against her perky nipples as she came undone on his fingers. He pulled his fingers out making her groan.

He dragged his fingers over her body, dripping with her juices.

"Open your mouth." He ordered, thrusting his fingers in her mouth and her tongue licked all the juices off, sucking the tip of his fingers harshly before he pulled out.

He sucked in a deep breath and she smirked at him. His dark eyes roamed over the pink nipples and the swollen and dripping pussy. He smiled, the darkness making it look almost evil as he dipped his head between her legs, his tongue playing with her clit.

She moaned loudly, wrapping her legs around his neck, pulling him closer.

His tongue dipped inside her, sending fireworks exploding through her body and she grabbed the belt for support.

Her moans filled the entire room and she was sure the neighbors could hear it too but she didn't care.

She whimpered, desperate to feel his cock inside her.

He smiled devilishly at her, pulling off his pants and boxers as his lips latched onto her.

He bit harshly onto her lower lip, earning a moan in return as his tip rested against her entrance.

"Ethan." She gasped, her voice desperate. He smirked at her before plunging inside her.

His hands wrapped around her small ones, struggling against the restraints as he continued to thrust into her.

She matched his pace, arching her back as her toes curled.

His mouth moved against her with hunger and need as his thrusts got harsher and faster.

He grunted against her, grabbing a fistful of her hair and tugged at it harshly.

He came inside her, his forehead covered with beads of sweat as ropes of hot cum filled her to the brim. She moaned, her nails scratching the belt as his mouth found her nipple, leaving bite marks all over her soft skin.

He unbuckled the belt around her wrist, freeing her from its grasp and she gripped his hair, tugging at it harshly as he continued his sweet torture on her breasts.

Panting heavily and extremely tired, he fell on the bed next to her, pulling the covers over their bodies.

She turned to him, her breath a bit ragged as she looked at him with a questioning look.

"We can talk about that in the morning." He said, stopping her

before she had the chance to properly open her mouth as his hand squeezed her butt.

She gasped, closing her eyes as she inhaled in his overpowering scent.

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Amelia woke to the sun rays almost blinding her. She groaned, squinting against the light.

She looked around the room to find it empty. She sighed, running a hand through her tangled mess of dark hair.

Of course, he left.

It was always like that. He always left in the middle of the night.

It almost felt like a dream but Ethan's scent surrounding the room told her it wasn't.

She got out of the bed and padded over to the window and drew the curtains. She was sure he drew the curtains apart on purpose.

Glancing at the clock, she rushed towards the washroom, knowing how mad her boss would be if she was late.

"**We need to talk about last night.**" She typed quickly and sent the message to Ethan before turning on the shower, the warm water calming her nerves.

She tried not to imagine Ethan saying that it was a one-night thing as she dried herself.

As much as she hated herself for it, she wanted more. More of Ethan and his sweet torture. She sighed, pulling on her clothes and deciding not to complicate herself more.

She used to think that Ethan didn't affect her but last night proved her completely wrong and she felt a wet patch between her thighs as thoughts of Ethan and their lust-filled night unwillingly swam through her head.

10| Enemies with benefits

Amelia fumbled for the keys in her purse and breathed a sigh of relief as her fingers came in contact with the cold metal.

She turned on the lights and plopped down on the couch, breathing in a tired sigh.

Her stomach grumbled and she cast a gloomy look at the empty kitchen.

If she knew life would get this hard, she would have stayed at her parents' place forever.

Forcing her aching legs to stand up, she grumpily made her way towards her room, looking forward to a nice, warm shower.

She got out of the shower fifteen minutes later, feeling much better as she covered herself with a bathrobe.

She heard the bell dinging and rushed out to see who it was.

"You." She muttered disappointedly as she saw Ethan standing on the front porch.

"Why so disappointed, love?" He smirked, entering inside as he settled down on the couch.

He looked at her, giving her his signature lopsided grin which made every girl swoon as he ran a hand through his hair, the muscles in his arms flexing with his movements.

"I can never be happy seeing you." She scoffed but felt a wet patch between her thighs as she said that.

She sat down in front of him, crossing her leg over the other to clench her already throbbing pussy.

His eyes flickered to her legs and he smirked once more before leaning backward, placing his hands behind his head and his shirt lifted upwards, revealing the band of his Calvin Klein underwear.

Oh, how I'd like to rip that thing off him.

She silently gaped at her own thoughts and shook her head lightly to get rid of the lustful thoughts.

"What's gotten you all hot and bothered?" He asked, leaning forward as he smirked at her, knowing the answer all too well.

"I'm not getting hot and bothered and I called you here to talk but all you're doing is wasting my time." She said, shaking her head.

"Did I stop you from talking? You're the one whose busy staring at me."

"I was not staring at you." She said, glaring at him even though

they both knew it was a lie.

"And I wanted to talk about what happened last night." She continued.

"Was it just a one-night thing?" She blurted out.

"Do you want it to be?" He asked, placing his elbows on his knees and leaning forward, his eyes searching hers for an answer.

Amelia bit her lip, unsure of what she wanted.

Very slowly and quietly, as if it was taking all her will power to move her jaw, she whispered "No."

His face broke into a smug smirk and Amelia had the urge to throw something at his face.

"But," she continued, holding a hand to stop Ethan from interrupting, "I won't be your submissive anymore."

He paused, the vein in his neck throbbing visibly. He was considering his choices.

"So, what are we. Definitely not friends with benefits?" He finally asked, his face glinting in the light, making him appear more delicious than he already was.

"Definitely not." Amelia agreed.

"How about," he paused, searching for an appropriate word, "Enemies with benefits?"

"That sounds great," she said, her face breaking into a grin.

She felt as if something heavy had been lifted off her heart, leaving it considerably lighter.

She knew she promised never to get involved with Ethan the day she left him but promises were made to be broken.

She stood up abruptly, completely aware of the hungry and lust-filled look in Ethan's eyes as she made her way towards the kitchen.

Walking towards the kitchen, she opened the fridge and took out her water bottle, her eyes trained on him.

She unscrewed the bottle, slowly bringing it to her lips, taking a long swig, her eyes never leaving his. He arched his eyebrow, an amused look dancing in his eyes.

Water dripped down her chin and she wiped it with her thumb, biting her lip as she leaned forward, her elbows resting on the kitchen counter.

His eyes flickered down to the neck of her robe, which was exposing a lot of cleavage.

"What's gotten you all hot and bothered, Ethan?" She asked, her voice low and seductive.

"I already am hot but trust me I'm not bothered. At all." He said, standing up as he slowly made his way towards her.

He stood behind her, his length pressing against her back as he placed his lips on her neck, sucking her sensitive spot.

His hands fumbled with the knot of her bathrobe and he slipped it off her, leaving her completely naked.

His hand went to her wet pussy and he began rubbing it slowly. She moaned, arching her back.

"Bend over," he whispered huskily in her ear, bitting on her ear lobe.

She obeyed, bending against the cold surface of the counter as she heard his pant being unzipped.

Before she had time to prepare, he was inside her, pounding hard and fast. She screamed as she tried to adjust to his size and his hand gripped her ass tightly

She matched his pace while his hand continued to rub her clit, pushing her closer to the edge.

His mouth latched onto the sensitive skin of her neck, sucking and biting, leaving marks.

"Ethan!" She moaned, her hands gripping the counter as she came dangerously close to an orgasm.

"Fuck," he muttered, giving her hair another harsh tug as he came inside her at the same time at her.

She moaned, turning into a groan as he pulled out of her.

She panted, turning around to face him as she grabbed his arm and pushed him against the counter to face him.

She placed her lips on his, his mouth moving hungrily against her. His tongue darted inside her, exploring her mouth.

Her palm curled around his hardened member, slowly massaging it. He grunted against her mouth, cupping her breast.

She broke away from the kiss, getting on her knees as she swirled her tongue against the tip of his cock.

He cursed under his breath and she smirked to herself as she put his large member inside her mouth, sucking at it.

He grabbed a fistful of her hair, thrusting his hips. She gagged as his cock hit the back of her throat, her eyes watering as she scraped her teeth against his pulsating member.

He cursed again as his hot cum filled her mouth. She quickly swallowed it, letting him out of her mouth as she stood on wobbly legs, stumbling against his strong body.

He wrapped his arm around her waist as she rested her head on his shoulder, inhaling in his intoxicating smell.

He softly pushed her back, pulling on his boxers and pants. Amelia frowned at this sudden action, giving him a questioning look.

"As much as I want to stay, I have some important office work left," he muttered, buckling his belt.

"Okay, sure," she nodded.

His hand stopped at the doorknob as he turned around to look at her, "Why don't you come and stay at my place?"

Amelia stared at her for a while before shaking her head.

"No, I'm fine here."

He nodded, stepping outside as he closed the door behind him.

She put on her robe, looking around for her phone, deciding to order something to eat for the second time this week.

11| Leaving

A/N: Aesthetic for one of my beloved characters, Alex, made by yours truly^. You shall forever be missed. What do you guys think?

Amelia turned in her bed, gazing at the beautiful full moon shining through her window.

As tired as she was, she just couldn't sleep.

She got up, pulling on her favorite fur coat over her nightgown as she padded her way out of the room.

She locked the main door behind her as she made her way towards the elevator.

The ping of the elevator door opening made her jump, the sound magnified in the silent night air.

She pulled her coat tightly around herself as the elevator carried her to the topmost floor.

With another loud ping, the doors slid open, revealing a wide expanse of tiled floor lined with luxurious sofas and seats on one side.

The moon rays danced across the floor and she sighed, gazing at the stars that lined the night sky, twinkling brightly.

The cold air bit her skin as she walked towards the edge of the roof, leaning against the parapet.

Her breath rose in a mist as she stared at the milky way above her.

It always amazed her how the world was so big and beautiful yet she was stuck in one place, living the same tiring day over and over again.

Amelia heard the ping of the elevator and she twisted on her heels, seeing a man getting out.

She squinted her eyes against the darkness to see if she knew who he was as she knew most of the people in the building.

His tight shirt hugged him perfectly, highlighting his muscular body, his sharp jawline and with the moon making his face glow, he looked like someone out of a dream.

He noticed her staring and she quickly averted her gaze, turning around to stare at the sky once again.

"Hi," the guy said as she felt his presence beside her, too close for comfort.

"Hi?" She said but it came out as more of a question as she turned around to face him.

"Do I know you?" She asked politely.

"No, but I do know you." He said, smiling slightly.

She frowned, trying not to feel creeped out.

"You're Amelia, right?"

"Yes, but how do you know me?"

"I saw you a few days ago. You were with Alex back then." He stated, shrugging nonchalantly and Amelia gaped at him.

"So, what happened between you and Alex?" He asked, staring straight ahead as he took out a cigarette from his pocket and ignited the tip with a lighter.

Excuse me?" Amelia stared, unable to believe her ears.

"That's a very personal question and seeing as I just met you, I don't think I'll answer that." She continued.

The stranger in front of her shrugged once again, blowing out puffs of smoke and she felt an inexplicable fear course through her body.

He stepped closer and Amelia instinctively took a step back. His eyes took in her appearance, roaming all over a body. She coughed loudly, glaring at him and he stared back at her, a smirk twisting his features, the cigarette hanging idly in his hand.

She stared back into his dark eyes trying not to be intimidated. His eyes reminded her of someone but she wasn't sure who.

"I'll leave now." She said firmly, dodging his broad frame that was blocking her escape.

His hand twitched as if wanting to grab her arm but she moved quickly, pressing the button of the elevator.

She could feel his burning gaze follow her all the way and she breathed a sigh of relief as the elevator door closed behind her, shielding her from the creepy stranger's glare.

。☆✲★□□□□□□ - □□□□□□★✲☆。

Amelia walked in after yet another tiring day, expecting her house to be empty and dark but the sight the greeted her almost made her heart stop.

The lights and fans were on and there was a lingering scent in the air.

She took a step back, her hand shaking as she tried to find her phone. There was a loud crash of metal hitting the floor and the door of Amelia's bedroom flung open.

She wanted to run but her feet seemed to be stuck to the spot but before she had the chance to move, Ethan appeared through the door.

"Oh, hi love," he said casually, leaning against the door frame as

he wiped his forehead with his hand.

"Ethan! What the hell are you doing here?" She gasped, her ragged breaths calming down a bit, replaced with burning anger.

"I was waiting for you." He shrugged.

"Are you mad?" She shouted, "I was about to call the police. And how did you get the keys?"

"Calm down, will you?" He scoffed, rolling his eyes.

"No, I won't. Where did you get the keys?" She repeated.

"I have a lot of sources so that wasn't a problem."

"Fuck you," She cursed through gritted teeth.

"Just a bit more patience, love." He smirked, walking towards her and the next moment, his lips were on hers.

She tried to push him away, not done being angry but he grabbed her arms and pulled her closer, his hands grabbing her ass.

She held back a gasp as he continued to bite her lips, asking for entrance.

He pushed her skirt down just a little bit as he fiddled with the band of her panties, teasing her.

She groaned and he slipped his tongue inside her mouth, making her melt against him.

He pulled back, staring at her with darkened eyes.

"What are you doing here?" She asked once more, breathing heavily.

"You're leaving this place."

"What? Why? I told you I don't want to leave," She gaped, staring wildly around the room.

"It's not safe here." He shrugged as he strode back towards her room and she followed.

"What do you mean by not safe? I've been living here for months. It is safe," She argued as her gaze landed on the clothes scattered over the floor and a half-filled suitcase.

"It was back then but now it's not." He retorted, throwing her clothes haphazardly into the suitcase.

"Stop it and explain what's going on." Amelia hissed, grabbing his arm.

"Sorry, can't do." He said casually, jerking his hand out of her grip.

"Then I won't go anywhere," Amelia said stubbornly, folding her arms over her chest.

"Amelia, I agreed to all your demands and all I'm asking in return is to come live with me. Why is it so hard for you to agree to one of my demands?"

He looked almost concerned. Amelia shook her lightly. He wouldn't ever be concerned about her.

But why did he wanted her to leave so badly? Was something really wrong?

"I'm just asking you to tell me the reason or else I won't go," She shrugged, walking over to the open suitcase as she began to take out the clothes.

"Listen to me," Ethan began, grabbing her hand harshly and she stumbled against his muscular frame, "It's important and it's for your own safety."

Amelia could see the vein in his neck throbbing. His patience was thinning.

"Leave me alone." She grunted, trying to jerk her hand away but he pulled her impossibly closer.

His hand slipped down to her butt and he squeezed it tightly. She knew very well what he was doing and it was working.

"Trust me, Amelia. It's for your own good."

Trust.

Amelia didn't trust Ethan. Or did she? She sighed against his chest. He sounded very serious.

His hand stopped at the hem of her long skirt and he pulled it up, his hand rubbing her pussy through the flimsy material of her panties.

She moaned against him and he quickly pulled his hand away as if her moan was a cue for him to stop.

"Will you come with me?" He asked once again, "And you won't even have to worry about having to cook something after coming from work." He added, passing her a smirk.

The idea did seem tempting.

"I hate you," Amelia muttered as she reluctantly bent down to pick up her clothes.

"The feeling is very much mutual," Ethan said, brushing past her as he smacked her butt harshly.

A/N: An extra long chapter to make up for my upcoming absence from Wattpad and writing. As my exams are starting in a few days, I need to study.

What are your thoughts about this chapter? What do you think about the handsome stranger? Do you like Ethan and Amelia's interaction? Thanks very much for reading and have a great day/night ahead❤❤

12| Back from where we started

A/N: So, I know I said that I was supposed to study as my exams are still going on but *ahem ahem* let's just not talk about that.

Here's a chapter for all of you who were waiting. This turned out way intense than I planned but I'm not complaining 😏

Do share your thoughts with me and thank you for every single comment and vote on this book. It means the absolute world to me.

!Mature content ahead!

Amelia walked through the double doors, Ethan following close by. She never understood how he afforded such an expensive place in the first place but avoided questioning him about his personal life.

His dad's money probably.

The place was nothing less than a mansion, decorated with luxurious furniture and a beautiful chandelier hanging above.

Her black heels clicked loudly as she walked through the tiled floor and stopped in the middle of the room, taking in the familiar surroundings.

"Take the bags to the guest room." Ethan's voice echoed in the empty house.

"Where's Liv?" She asked, plopping down on one of the sofas.

"I've sent her away for the day."

"Why?" She frowned at him.

"Because," he said softly as he walked towards her and placed his arms on either side of her, caging her in between, "I have things to do that wouldn't have been possible with her here."

Amelia's heart thumped loudly in her chest as Ethan's hot breath fanned her face, making her panties stick to her wet pussy.

"Are you wet, Amelia?" He asked huskily, his gaze lowering to her crossed legs.

"Why don't you find out yourself?" She suggested, biting her lower lip.

"That I definitely will." He said, backing away as they heard footsteps heading towards them.

"I've set the bags in the guest room, sir." Ethan's chauffeur said, dressed in a crisp black suit, looking all professional.

"Thank you." Ethan nodded curtly and the driver turned around to leave, closing the doors with a soft snap.

Ethan turned around to face Amelia, who was still a bit pink in the face.

In one swift motion, he picked her up and threw her on his shoulder, his shoulder blades poking into her stomach. She let out a horrified shriek but he ignored it and slapped her ass.

"Let me down, Ethan. I can walk on my own." She complained, smacking his arm but his free hand grabbed her wrist tightly, and she knew without looking at him that he was warning her to stop.

As much as she wanted to not listen to his orders, her pussy was already throbbing painfully and the thought of sex was too tempting so she reluctantly let her hands fall limply to her side.

He lifted her skirt, leaving her lower half-naked, and slapped her ass once again, making her moan.

His hand rubbed her bare butt-cheek, pushing her nearing to her peek.

It was crazy how her body reacted to his touch.

He stopped in front of the guest room and entered inside.

Her room.

It was exactly as it was a year ago but much clearer and tidier.

He threw her on the bed as he pulled her skirt down, leaving her in her lace panties. Excitement coursed through her as she grabbed the white silk sheets in a fist.

His lips latched onto hers as his fingers dipped inside her panties, rubbing her soaking wet pussy.

"You're dripping, baby." He whispered in her ear.

Amelia whimpered in response as he slipped her panties aside and pushed his finger inside her.

She let out a soft moan of pleasure as his finger continued its assault on her pussy.

His head dipped between her legs as he kissed her thighs softly. She moaned, quickly wrapping her legs around his neck.

He chuckled against her, goosebumps erupting all over her body from the sound as he continued his way upwards, leaving butterfly kisses on her inner thigh.

"So impatient," he muttered as her arousal dripped down her leg.

She arched her back, longing for his mouth on her throbbing pussy but he pulled back instantly.

She groaned as he leaned forward, his lips brushing hers and she sucked in a deep breath.

"What do you want, Amelia?" He asked huskily, grazing his teeth on her lips.

"You," she panted breathlessly, "I want you. Fuck me, please."

He blew the hair sticking to his forehead, his eyes turning the color of the night. She knew he was extremely turned on.

"Gladly," he grinned, biting her lip harshly. She whimpered as she heard the swoosh of his zipper.

His cock stood hard and tall and before she could prepare herself, he was inside her, thrusting violently.

He tugged at her hair harshly and she gasped, biting her lip so hard that she felt the metallic taste of blood on her tongue.

Her moans filled the room as he continued to thrust his thick dick inside her. Her pussy walls clenched around his length and her body shook with a long-suppressed orgasm.

She moaned as he pulled out, his dick shining with her cum.

He placed his hand under her stomach and flipped her over with expertise as if she didn't weigh anything.

He slapped her ass, leaving a red handprint on her butt-cheek. She buried her face in the sheets, the material mumbling her moans.

He yanked roughly on her hair, pulling her face away from the sheets.

"I want to hear you moan, sweetheart," he said huskily.

She obeyed, moaning loudly as he continued to thrust into her from behind.

She came onto his dick once again as stars erupted in front of her from the pleasure he was giving her.

He groaned as he came inside her, his hot cum filling her to the brim.

She bit her already injured lip as he leaned forward and tilted her head to one side, giving him access to her neck.

He sucked her soft spot until a purple bruise erupted on her bare skin but then he was gone, leaving her feeling cold.

She heard footsteps behind her, telling her that he was about to leave.

She wanted to say something but her body was drained and she wasn't sure what it was that she wanted to say.

Gathering all her strength, she sat in an upright position and raised a shaking hand to wipe her sweating forehead.

He had his robe wrapped around his body, hiding the beautiful body under it.

He looked angelic as the moonlight from the window danced across his face, lighting up his sharp features.

He noticed her staring and gave her his signature lopsided grin before he opened the door and went outside, closing the door with a soft snap.

Amelia found herself smiling back at the door, where Ethan was

standing just a minute ago.

She fell back into the mattress with a sigh, her body aching but satisfied.

13| Lucifer

A/N: Aesthetic for Ethan made by moiˆ. I found a quote that said "Am I that hard to love" and it fitted Ethan so perfectly, I was in awe. But I completely forgot to add it in the aesthetic *Facepalm*

Amelia breathed in the mouth-watering scent of freshly brewed coffee and a contented sigh escaped her lips as the hot liquid slipped down her throat, her fatigue fading away.

She twisted in her stool as she heard footsteps on the stairs.

Ethan looked as handsome as ever in a white full-sleeved shirt as he buttoned his cuffs, the shirt hugging his muscular body.

Amelia cursed under her breath as she felt a wet patch between her thighs on seeing his muscles flex under the shirt.

She averted her gaze and stared at the dark liquid in the cup in her hands, taking another long swig.

"Liv, where's my.." he was cut off as Liv pushed a mug filled with hot coffee on the counter towards him.

"Thank you." He muttered, passing her a grateful smile.

She smiled back at him and turned on her heels to busy herself with cooking, the soft sound of metal hitting metal playing in the background.

He didn't even look up at Amelia as he took a long swig of his black coffee, pausing to strap a Rolex on his wrist.

He drained the rest of his coffee and stood up abruptly.

"Come on, I'll drop you." He said.

It took Amelia a second to realize that he was talking to her. She rolled her eyes and finished the remaining coffee.

"Stop being so nice. It doesn't suit you." She said dryly.

His eyes met her blue ones as he gave her a 'are you serious' sort of look before shrugging on a navy blue coat and picking up his car keys.

"Goodbye, Liv." He called out.

"Goodbye. Take care." She waved after his retreating back and Amelia quickly got up, picking up her purse from the counter and rushing after Ethan's retreating back, muttering a quick thank you to Liv.

"Wait up." She breathed, catching up with him as he stopped in front of a sleek black Sedan.

"Can you drop me off?" She asked with a sickly sweet smile, batting her lashes at him.

"Get in." He grumbled, rolling his eyes at her childish attitude.

The woman in front of him drove him crazy yet he couldn't resist her. Couldn't resist the taste of her lips on his and the feel of her hands on his body.

He shook his head to get rid of the stupid thoughts.

He knew they were nothing more than sex partners and she knew it very well too.

He turned the key and the engine roared into life.

His phone vibrated in his pocket and he cursed the caller loudly, running a hand through his hair, ruffling it up.

The name of his secretary shone on the screen and he gritted his teeth.

He had told Dylan to not call him and that he would be there in less than an hour but the guy didn't listen. Now, he couldn't talk about the problem properly with Amelia sitting right beside him.

"I told you not you call me, Dylan. I'll be there in half an hour." He said as he picked up the phone, his voice dangerously low and even.

"I know, you idiot. Now, don't fucking call me again." He hissed, hanging up the call as he stuffed his phone in his pocket.

"What was that about?" Amelia asked, frowning at him.

She knew she shouldn't interfere in his personal matters but he looked mad and she had the sudden urge to make him even madder.

He reversed the car out of the garage, his concentration on the road.

"It's none of your business."

"Jeez, someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed." She muttered, loudly enough for him to hear.

The vein in his neck throbbed dangerously. She was testing his patience and the sly smile on her face made his blood boil.

He had a very bad morning and he didn't want to vent his anger on her but she was making it very hard.

He could take her right here until she begged for him to stop but he quickly shooed his thoughts away, gripping the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles turning white.

"Are you wearing this to work?" He asked instead, giving her a scrutinizing look.

"What is wrong with this?" She questioned, folding her hands over her chest and glaring at him.

She was wearing a blue pencil skirt that stopped below her knees with a white full-sleeved shirt.

They had accidentally matched colors.

He just shrugged nonchalantly, a strand of brown hair falling on his forehead.

Amelia's hand itched to brush the hair away and she did.

Her fingers brushed his forehead, tucking the stray strand behind his ear.

He raised an eyebrow at her but she just shrugged.

"Take off your panties." He ordered.

Amelia stared at him, taken back by the sudden order but his words had activated her body, her core burning with the thought of all the things he could do to her.

"Right now?"

"Yes, right now."

She hated how she could never say no to him when it came to sex.

Hoisting her hips up, she slid her hand inside her skirt and dragged her lace panty down.

"Open your legs for me, Am." He whispered seductively, setting her body on fire.

"Don't call me that." She hissed, clenching her thighs together.

The nickname was very personal. It reminded her of everyone she'd ever loved and those who didn't loved her back.

Her mom, her dad, her whole family, Alex.

"Why? Did you ex-boyfriend called you that?" He asked, a smirk twisting his features as he placed his hand on her thighs, pushing them apart, his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

"Do not talk about him," Amelia warned, jabbing a finger in his chest.

His hand traveled agonizingly slowly up to her throbbing pussy.

She was seething with anger yet couldn't push his hand away. The smirk on his face made her want to hit him on the head.

She bit down on her lip to hold back the moan that threatened to escape her lips as he pushed a finger inside her.

His finger moved inside her with expertise, hitting all the sensitive spots but she held back the moans, not wanting to give him any satisfaction.

She closed her eyes as she felt her pussy walls clench around his finger. She was about to come but he pulled his finger out.

She gasped, her eyes snapping open as she stared at him with a frustrated expression.

"I was so close." She complained, glaring at him.

He shrugged.

"Stop shrugging. I want my release." She snapped at him but his eyes never wavered from the road ahead, his expressions neutral.

"You can't do this." She hissed, smacking his arm.

He ignored her as if she wasn't present there. The car was slowing down. They were almost there.

"Fine. I'll do it myself, you asshole." She muttered, making a mental note to go straight to the restroom once she reached her office, hastily pulling on her panties.

"You won't.." He began but Amelia cut him off.

"Yes, I will and there is nothing you can do to stop me." She snapped, getting out of the car the minute it stopped as she slammed the door behind her, cursing her own personal Lucifer that was Ethan Williams.

A/N: I don't know what's gotten into me but I'm loving writing this book so much so, here's another update.
I hope you guys are enjoying it too.

Have a nice day ahead and thanks for reading <33

14| Intruder

Amelia woke up with a jolt, cold sweat covering her brows.

She thought she heard a gunshot somewhere close by.

It could be a dream but it felt so real.

Her heart hammered in her chest and she gripped the covers closer to her as she waited for some sort of confirmation that the voice was nothing more than a figment of her imagination.

Her bedroom door flung open and Amelia's heart sank to her stomach. All the lights outside were on and Amelia blinked twice before adjusting to Ethan's figure standing at her door.

"Get up." He said, his voice urgent and demanding as he offered his hand.

Although her mind was a bit reluctant, her body obliged at once as she gripped his ice-cold hand to hoist her body up from the bed.

Ethan looked a mess. His hair was sticking out in all directions and the nerves in his neck were throbbing. He looked absolutely terrifying.

"What happened?" She asked, finally finding her voice.

"I don't know but I want you to listen to me, OK?" He asked, his voice soft but also demanding.

All the suspense was making the situation all the more scarier. Amelia nodded her head softly, urging him to go on.

"Go inside the playroom, lock the door from inside, and don't open it until I ask you to, OK?"

She felt like she was four again and her mother was trying to get her to do something.

She nodded and left the room without another word. Her throat was parched and she was desperate for answers but knew better than to question Ethan when he looked this dangerous.

The suppressed anger behind his soft voice was all too visible and Amelia was sure someone was about to get targeted to Ethan's rage.

She trod the familiar way to the playroom as fast as her feet would take her. Her heart threatened to burst out of her chest but she somehow managed to remain steady.

Ethan Williams scared her more than she'll ever admit. An emotion that was very foreign to her.

Amelia was always a stubborn kid and even after she grew up, the habit never left. Being the eldest child of the family, everything

she ever wanted was served to her on a silver platter.

By the time she was 20, she had a younger sister and a brother and she loved them to bits and pieces but when she realized she was into BDSM, her life was turned upside down.

With her extremely religious parents always telling her the punishments of the sinners, how could she ever be free to explore her kinks?

But Amelia Harold always got what she wanted and so she searched up all the nearest BDSM clubs and got the address of the most appealing one, even if it meant breaking her parent's trust.

She felt guilty, still do but she wanted to try. She wanted to know what being a submissive felt like.

Her first dominant was the sweetest man ever. He gave her a false outlook on all the doms but after meeting Ethan, her opinions changed entirely.

Although she sometimes loved the punishments, she realized she was not the sort to submit to someone.

Ethan was harsh borderline evil but maybe his life wasn't as simple as she thought it was.

Did someone really break into his house?

The urgency in his voice earlier made Amelia feel like he knew more than he was letting on.

She stopped in front of the red door, panting slightly as she felt the table beside her. She lifted the vase and took the key, opening the door and locking it behind her.

She could hear the faint slamming of doors and someone shouting.

Despite her fear, she moved towards the door and pressed her ear near the keyhole in the hopes of listening to what was happening outside.

Ethan's voice was clear despite the closed door.

"How the fuck did you not notice him breaking in?" He shouted at what Amelia assumed were the guards.

The other person spoke in a low and terrified voice, making it hard for Amelia to decipher what they had said.

"I don't want any excuses. Search the house once again." He ordered.

"And if this ever happens again, I swear I'll kill all of you." He said, punctuating every syllable.

Amelia stumbled backwards, leaning against the wall to keep herself from falling.

She was shaking from head to toe with cold sweat covering her entire body.

A loud knock echoed inside the room and Amelia let out an

audible gasp.

"Open the door, Am." Ethan's voice was soft and almost soothing, completely opposite to what she'd heard a few minutes ago.

She thought of pretending she wasn't there, of not letting him come inside but she needed answers and Ethan was the only one who could give her that.

"And Kenneth, I want you to go to Liv's place and stand guard. I'll let you know when it's safe to leave."

She opened the door and Ethan's eyes snapped to her.

"Thank you very much, Ken." He muttered, cutting the line and shoving the phone in his pocket.

Amelia stood aside to let him in and then locked the door once again.

"What happened, Ethan?" She asked without skipping a beat.

"Someone broke in the house." He sighed, running a hand through his already ruffled hair.

"By the way you were talking, you know who that someone is, don't you?"

"Were you eavesdropping on me?" He asked with a frown.

"That's not the point. Who was it?" She shook her head, persistent in getting the full truth.

"I told you, I don't know." He said through gritted teeth.

Amelia huffed, folding her hands over her chest.

"I'm going to bed," she said, twisting on her heels but before she knew it, she was pinned against the door with Ethan's arms caging her in between.

"Let me go, Ethan," she sighed, trying to push him away but he didn't budge.

"I want you to trust me, please." He said softly as he cupped her face, his thumb drawing soothing circles on her cheek.

She leaned in the touch and closed her eyes, her body erupting in goosebumps.

"Ethan, I am..." she paused, unsure if she should put her feelings into words in front of him.

"Scared." She whispered truthfully, bracing herself for a twisted smirk or a mocking laugh but it never came.

"I'm scared too." He said instead.

Amelia had to bite her lip to prevent her mouth from hanging open.

"But it'll be fine. I promise." He whispered, capturing her lips.

She melted against his body and for the first time, she felt truly safe around Ethan. She trusted him.

A\N: Exams are finally over. Wohoo!! And I've got a week off from school so, maybe the updates will be faster.

Thank you for sticking around with me. Do share your thoughts about this chapter to me. I'd love to hear your opinion. Have a nice day ahead ❤

15| Steamy

Amelia stripped off her clothes and waited for the water to turn to a suitable temperature.

The loud patter of water on the floor blocked all the sounds outside as she stepped under the flow of water.

A sigh escaped her lips as the warm water came in contact with her skin.

She ran her hands through her hair, untangling the knots.

Amelia didn't hear the washroom door creaking open or the footsteps heading towards the fogged shower glass.

"Hi, love," Ethan whispered in her ear.

She jumped in surprise, almost slipping on the wet floor but Ethan wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her closer to him.

"God, Ethan. Give me a warning next time, will you?" She muttered, placing a hand on her heart.

"I don't think I will." He laughed, kissing her softly on the neck.

She rolled her eyes, turning on her heels to face him.

His wet hair stuck to his forehead and his white shirt was completely see-through.

She hooked her arms behind his neck and kissed him.

He responded with equal enthusiasm as he pushed her backward until her back hit the cold wall.

She tugged at the hem of his shirt and he broke the kiss, pulling his shirt over his head.

He tossed the shirt to one side and captured her lips in a kiss once again, his hands gripping her ass.

Her body erupted in goosebumps as he bit her lower lip. She moaned in his mouth, melting against his touch.

He broke the kiss and got on his knees, pushing her legs apart with his palm.

She obliged at once, desperate for more.

He trailed butterfly kisses on her inner thigh up to her throbbing pussy. She tangled her hand in his hair, tugging at it as a moan escaped her lips.

He kissed her dripping pussy softly before pushing his tongue inside her.

She moaned, closing her eyes as waves of ecstasy flowed through her body. Her grip on his hair tightened and he grunted against her.

His tongue hit all the right spots leaving Amelia with weak knees and ragged breaths.

She felt her walls clench around him as waves of orgasm rocked her body.

She took deep breaths to keep herself steady as Ethan got up and captured her lips once again.

His tongue darted inside her mouth and she felt the salty taste of her cum on his tongue.

Amelia unzipped his pants, pushing it down. He saved her the trouble as he pulled his pants and boxers off in one swift motion.

The tip of his cock teased her entrance as he slowly pushed inside her, earning a moan from her.

Her pussy walls expanded, slowly adjusting to his size.

She rested her forehead on his chest, her hot breath fanning him as her nails scratched his back.

"Faster!" She begged breathlessly.

He obliged, pumping with fast thrusts inside her. She moaned in pleasure, arching her back as she matched his thrusts.

Her walls clenched around his cock and another orgasm rocked her body. Ethan grunted as he orgasmed inside her, filling her to the brim.

Their ragged and shallow breaths filled the small area and Amelia collapsed against Ethan, holding onto him to prevent herself from falling.

He gently pushed her against the wall and traced his tongue along her lower lip, causing goosebumps to erupt on her skin.

She hooked her arms behind his neck and pulled him closer before kissing him softly.

His lips were soft against her and this time there was no hurry in the kiss. It was slow yet passionate, making Amelia feel like they were the only person in the world.

They were the only ones who mattered.

It was different coming from Ethan. His kisses were always lust-filled and hungry but this was different and she relished in the feel of his lips on hers.

They broke the kiss, desperate for air and Ethan smiled, looking at her flushed face and red nose.

The lopsided smile that made her stomach tingle.

She grinned back at him, her eyes trailing his toned chest. She spotted the lone tattoo on his rib cage.

She absentmindedly traced her finger over the outline of the guitar.

The last time she had tried to ask him what the tattoo meant, he'd brushed her off, telling her it meant nothing.

"Come on," he muttered, holding her hand as he dragged her under the showerhead.

He adjusted the temperature and stood under the flowing water.

The water dripping from his hair was probably the most sensual thing Amelia had seen.

She stared at him for a bit too long as he took a shampoo bottle and squeezed some on his palm, running it through his hair.

He held out the bottle to her and she quickly averted her gaze and took the bottle.

Fifteen minutes later, the two stepped out of the shower, dripping wet and tired.

Amelia shivered slightly, wrapping her hands around herself.

"Put something on or you'll die from cold," Ethan called out, snapping her out of her daze.

"Yeah, I should," she muttered as she padded towards her large walk-in closet and pulled the first thing that was within her reach.

Putting on a comfy sweatshirt and hello kitty trousers, she walked back into the room to find Ethan sitting on her bed, indulged in his phone.

She thought he would've left by now.

His eyes snapped upon hearing her footsteps and his lips lifted in a smirk as his eyes stopped on her pink trousers.

"How old are you again?" He asked, amusement dancing in his eyes.

"What?" She asked with a frown and her eyes widened as she noticed his gaze on her trousers.

"Don't judge me," she muttered, grabbing the nearest pillow and aiming it at him.

It hit him in the face and he let out a soft grunt, fixing her with a glare.

She matched the intensity of his stare, silently daring him to say something.

But instead, she shrieked with surprise and stumbled backward as a pillow hit her in the face.

She glared at Ethan as he continued to snicker at her flustered face.

"How old are you again?" She asked, repeating his sentence with a raised eyebrow.

"Do you really want the answer to that?" He asked with a seductive tone as he slowly took a step towards her.

"I wouldn't mind," she grinned, shrugging innocently.

Before she knew it, she was caged between his arms.

He captured her lips with his and she matched his pace, their tongues dancing to their own rhythms.

Their moment was brutally disturbed by Ethan's phone ringing.

"Sorry," he said as he pulled away from the kiss and picked up his phone.

"It's important. I'll have to go," he turned to her with an apologetic look.

"Yeah, of course. It's alright."

He grinned at her and left the room, closing the door with a soft snap.

She didn't know what had happened to Ethan but she liked the nicer version of him a lot better.

A/N: THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR 1K READS ON "HARD TO LOVE." I'm SO SO SO GRATEFUL TO ALL MY READERS. THANK YOU SO MUCH. I LOVE YOU ALL ❤❤.

And HTL won 2nd place in scarlet awards!!

16| Stay

"Where the hell is she?" Ethan questioned to himself with a frown on his face as he slammed the washroom door behind him.

He called Amelia's number once again, the worry lines on his forehead increasing with every passing minute.

He stormed downstairs, his anxiousness turning to fear as the call went on voice mail yet again.

Why was he scared?

He shook his head, telling himself that it was merely anger at Amelia's irresponsible behavior and not fear.

Definitely not fear.

She was not a little girl. She'd be alright.

He opened the door and turned to his guard.

"Davis, have you seen Miss. Harold?"

"No sir, I haven't. I saw her leave for work."

"And she didn't come back after that?"

"No, sir."

Ethan sighed, closing his eyes to get his wild thoughts under control.

"Okay," he muttered, deciding it was best to wait a few more minutes before taking any serious action.

He stepped inside, dialing Liv's number.

The line rang a few times before she picked up the call.

"Is everything alright?" She asked the moment she picked up the call.

"Hi, Liv. Everything's fine but do you know where Amelia is?" He asked.

"No, I don't. Isn't she at work?"

"I called her office. They said she left in the evening."

"In the evening? That's too early. Where is she?" She asked, concern lacing her voice.

"I don't know. Anyways, don't worry. I'll find her," he said, assuring himself more than Liv.

"Let me know if you do."

"Yeah, sure," he muttered, running a hand through his hair as he cut the call.

Before he could dial Amelia's number once again, the front doors flung open and Amelia stood in front of him.

He breathed with relief before fixing her with a glare.

"Where the hell have you been?" He questioned but she ignored him.

She stumbled inside and on closer look, Ethan realized her eyes were puffy and red.

"What happened, Am?" He questioned, unnerved by seeing the woman in front of him look so vulnerable.

She brushed past him but he grabbed her wrist, pulling her back towards him.

"It's almost midnight. Where have you been?" He asked once again.

"It's none of your business," she said but her voice lacked the usual bossiness and confidence as she tried to jerk her hand out of his grip.

"If you turn up at my place in the middle of the night and clearly drunk, then yes, it is my business."

"I'm at your place because of you in the first place. I never wanted to stay here." She replied with another useless attempt to free her arm from his grip.

"Do not dodge my questions," he said through gritted teeth.

"Leave my hand. You're hurting me, Ethan," she whispered and she sounded so lost, so in pain that his grip immediately loosened.

Taking the opportunity, she jerked her hand out of his grip and headed towards the stairs without looking at him.

He watched as she stumbled on the stairs, her grip on the railing tightening with each step until her knuckles turned white.

He sighed, running a hand through his hair.

There was something clearly wrong with her. But Ethan wasn't sure if he should leave her on her own or try to comfort her.

But then again, he didn't know how to comfort anyone.

And especially Amelia. The woman who always appeared so strong and so stubborn. He didn't know how to handle vulnerable Amelia.

What was he supposed to say? What was he supposed to do?

He plopped down on a nearby couch and after sending a quick text to Liv, he closed his eyes and let out a deep breath.

He waited for ten more minutes before getting up and going upstairs to Amelia's room.

He slowly opened the door, trying his best to not make any sounds.

She was lying face down on the bed, still in her stilettos and work clothes.

"Am, get up," he tried, shaking her shoulder softly but she didn't budge.

He pulled her heels off before throwing her on his shoulders.

She jerked back to her senses with a gasp.

"Why do you keep doing this? It's fucking uncomfortable," she said, smacking his arm continuously.

He pulled the washroom door open, putting her down near the bathtub and she immediately grabbed onto his collar to steady herself.

"You need to change. You stink of alcohol," he muttered before freeing his collar of her grip.

"You stink," she slurred and he rolled his eyes at her.

"Wash your face and stay here," he ordered as he stepped out of the washroom and came back five minutes later with an oversized shirt.

He quickly undressed her, slipping a much cleaner and comfortable shirt through her head.

"My head hurts," she whined as he threw her on his shoulders once again, putting her on her bed.

"Jeez, I wonder why?" He muttered as he covered her in a comforter and turned around to leave.

He stopped in his tracks as he felt her arm close around his wrist.

"Stay, will you?" She whispered with lidded eyes.

He stood rooted in his spot for a few seconds before jerking back to his senses.

"I'm sorry but I can't," he said, gently uncurling her fingers from his wrist.

"Of course you can't. You'll leave like everyone else," she scoffed, closing her eyes as she pulled the comforter closer to herself.

He stared at her for a long time, taking in the freckles on her face and how the moonlight made her glow.

"Scoot over."

She opened her eyes as a smile graced her lips and she scooted away, making space for him.

He laid next to her, making himself comfortable but froze as he felt her arm around his waist.

She snuggled closer to him, burying her face in the crook of his neck.

Definitely drunk.

"What happened, Am?" He tried once again, hoping to get a different answer this time.

"My stupid ass thought it'd be great to take a half-day to go and meet my family." She said quickly, her words stringing together.

"And everything was going fine until my dad asked me where I was staying and your name just slipped from my mouth."

"They hated my lifestyle and my kinks. They're too religious for

all this and they know about you."

His confusion turned to understanding as he realized where this was going and it made him sick.

"They told me," she paused, taking a deep breath to stop the tears, "I'm an embarrassment for them and if I can't change my ways, I shouldn't bother talking to them ever again."

She didn't look at him even after finishing her explanation but he didn't needed to see her face to know that she was crying.

She sniffled softly and her grip around his waist tightened.

"It's alright, Am. It doesn't matter. They can't tell you how to live your life," he whispered and a snore from her told him that she was asleep.

He found himself wrapping an arm around her waist, pulling her impossibly closer as he drifted into sleep.

17| Just a minute

Amelia woke up with the sunlight almost blinding her and a throbbing pain in her head.

She groaned, turning around to shield herself from the light, and felt something solid beside her.

Or someone.

She opened her eyes and the sight in front of her left her mouth hanging open.

Ethan was sleeping next to her, his eyes covered by his dark hair. He looked so peaceful.

How did he end up here?

She tried to remember what had happened last night and immediately winced due to the pain in her head.

Her skull felt like it would burst open any minute.

She took deep breaths, hiding her face in her hands.

Almost as if waking up from a nightmare, the memories of last night flooded her head.

And suddenly, she didn't want to remember anymore. She wanted to forget. She wanted the pain to go away.

She wasn't going to give up on Ethan but that meant losing her parents. What was she supposed to do?

As much as Ethan annoyed her, he also understood her like no one else. He understood her more than her own parents.

The pain in her head increased the more she tried to think so, instead, she pushed the bad thoughts away and fell back into the mattress, snuggling closer to the man beside her.

How can someone smell so good even when asleep?

Faint images of him changing her clothes, of her grabbing his hand, asking him to stay flashed through her head like a blurred film.

Did that really happened or was she just imagining things?

She brushed the hair from his eyes as gently as possible, not wanting to wake him up.

He stirred, his eyes squinting open.

Her face broke into a smile despite the pain as she watched him rub the sleep from his eyes.

"Did you forgot the way to your bedroom last night?" She asked as a way of greeting.

He sat upright, giving her an annoyed look.

"What time is it?" He asked, stifling a yawn.

"12:30."

"Shit!" He exclaimed, getting off the bed.

"What happened?" Amelia asked with a frown as he rushed towards the washroom.

"I'm late for work."

"It's Saturday," Amelia called out, rolling her eyes.

"Thank you Amelia but I know that," he called back with clear sarcasm.

"So, you've finally gone mad. Saturday's are supposed to be off days."

He got out of the washroom with a small towel in his hands as he glared at her.

"Unlike you, I have actual work to do. So, Saturday's are not off days for me." He shot back, throwing the towel on the bed.

"Okay, fine, and don't leave your towel here," she called after him but he ignored her and left the room.

That's exactly what she wanted. To be alone so that her crazy thoughts can kill her.

She rolled her eyes at her thoughts and threw the wet towel on the floor with her finger.

She winced with each step as she made her way to the washroom and splashed some cold water on her face.

She looked miserable. She wrinkled her nose as she stared at her reflection in the mirror.

Her eyes were red and puffy and her hair was sticking up in all angles.

She brushed her teeth, put on some clean clothes, and brushed her hair as quickly as her aching head allowed her to.

She went downstairs, desperate for some breakfast and the delicious smell of coffee made her stomach grumble.

"Good morning, Liv," she greeted and Liv looked up from her phone, giving her a sweet smile.

"Good morning, Amelia. How are you doing?" She asked trying to appear nonchalant but Amelia heard the concern in her voice.

Before she could reply, Liv forced a glass of water in her hand and placed some pills on the counter.

"What is this for?" Amelia asked with a frown.

"It'll help with your headache."

"But, how did..." Amelia asked but Liv cut her off.

"Ethan told me and he asked me to give you these," she smiled, sliding the pills closer to her.

"Oh," Amelia managed to say as a smile found its way on her face.

Amelia pulled her heels off and plopped down on the sofa.

"Thank you for going with me," she said to Liv with a grateful smile on her face.

"No worries. I wanted to do some shopping of my own too."

Amelia thought that she'd spent the day annoying Ethan and having wild sex but when he left for work she had to ask Liv to go shopping with her.

Anything to keep her mind off the events that happened yesterday.

"But I should leave now. It's very late," Liv said, standing up abruptly.

"Should I book a cab for you?"

"No, it's fine. I'll ask Kenneth." She waved a hand as she gave her a side hug and walked towards the door.

Amelia sank back into the sofa and pulled out her phone.

Her mouth fell open as she saw five missed calls and uncountable texts from Ethan.

Shit.

She quickly dialed his number and waited for him to pick up.

"Where the hell have you been?" Ethan asked the moment he picked up the call, frustration clear in his voice.

"I'm sorry, I was out with Liv," Amelia muttered, knowing it would do nothing to calm him.

"Meet me outside in five minutes. Not a minute more."

"I won't be able to change in just five minutes."

"I don't care. Come out in whatever you're wearing."

"What if I'm naked?" she asked slowly, smirking to herself.

"I won't mind," he said and she could almost see him smirking.

"See you in five minutes then," Amelia said, hanging up.

She reluctantly pulled her heels back on and waited six more minutes before getting up and walking towards the main door.

She bit her lip to hide her smile as she opened the door and saw his car parked in front of it.

She slowly made her way to the other side of the car and opened the door.

"You're late."

"Am I really?" She asked innocently.

He almost smiled but successfully managed to hide it.

"A whole minute late," he said, staring straight ahead as he took a turn and the car sped through a dark street.

"A minute isn't that much."

He opened his mouth to speak but she cut him off.

"Where are we going?" She asked, furrowing her brows.

"You'll know in a minute," he said with a slight smirk.

She was sure she'd have to wait a lot more than just a minute and she grinned to herself.

He sure knew how to push her buttons.

A/N: Yes, I'm obsessed.

I hate long author's note but this is important so please bear with me.

So, yesterday, I got a message from Wattpad telling me that they have flagged an image that I've used as a header in chapter 12 and that my readers won't be able to see it anymore.

According to Wattpad, it was too explicit and violates the guidelines of Wattpad so I removed it but here's the problem.

Every time I log out of this account and then log back in the picture is still there and there's a small warning sign on chapter 12. It's starting to annoy me and I'm also freaking out a bit.

I really hope Wattpad doesn't take this book down. I'll have a breakdown if anything like that happens.

Like always, have a great day ahead, and thanks for reading.

18| Not a date

Amelia stifled a yawn as she checked her phone yet again.

Almost half an hour had passed since they'd left the house.

"How long Ethan?"

"Just a minute more."

"I swear to God, I'll kill you if you said that again."

"I'd like to see you try."

"I'm so tired and bored," she whined, ignoring him.

Just as the words left her mouth, the car slowed down in front of a bright, lavish-looking building.

The music and the lights from inside the building drowned the street with a festive look.

"Come on," Ethan said, motioning for her to get out.

She obliged, stepping out into the pleasant, spring night air.

"Hello, Mr. Williams. Welcome back." A young guy in his early nineteens greeted them with a warm smile as they entered.

The blue walls of the restaurant along with beautiful paintings gave it a very peaceful look but the guests chattering noisily were anything but.

Ethan gave him a curt nod as he flipped through the pages of a file in front of him.

"You have a reservation. Do you want me to escort you to your place?" He asked.

"No, thank you. We can manage."

She quickly followed Ethan and they took the stairs which led them to a much quieter dining room.

The few couples sitting around the room were talking in low whispers and Amelia took in a soft breath, inhaling the amazing scent of food.

"Ethan!" A high-pitched voice exclaimed from behind.

Amelia turned around and came face to face with a pretty woman around her age with curly blond hair, her eyes stuck on Ethan.

"Oh, hello, Lindsay," he said, a tinge of annoyance in his voice.

Amelia felt a funny jolt in her stomach as the woman hugged Ethan tightly.

She stared at the two, not understanding what was happening.

Ethan coughed awkwardly, gently pushing the woman away.

"It's been so long," she gushed staring at him with lust-filled eyes.

Amelia felt the sudden urge to grab Ethan's arm and drag him away.

"Yeah, I guess," he muttered.

Ethan was one hell of a flirt and the fact that he was making no effort to hold a conversation with the woman in front of him showed how uninterested he was.

"Let's go, shall we?" Amelia stepped forward, holding his hand in a firm grip as she gave Lindsay a sickly sweet smile.

She dragged him to one end of the room, not knowing where the table was.

He turned left, pulling her behind him as he sat on a table in the far corner, blocking almost everyone from view.

"She was clearly into you," Amelia said quietly, her stomach twisting in a knot.

"I've known that for quite some time now," he said, raising his eyebrow at the sudden change in her voice.

She hummed in response, sitting away from Ethan.

"I'm not into her," he said suddenly, his eyes fixated on her face.

"What?"

"I'm not interested in her. I've made that very clear to her as well."

"If you say so," she shrugged.

"I helped her family out of a tough spot a couple of years ago and got her this job." He explained and Amelia found herself smiling.

"That was nice of you," she said.

"So, is this a date?" The words slipped out of her mouth before she could stop herself.

"Definitely not. I was hungry and I thought I'd bring you along," he said, softly shaking his head as he placed his hand on her thigh.

"Okay, then why do you care whether I'm affected by your relationships with any other women?" She asked, her eyes not leaving his face.

"I don't. I just wanted to clear things up."

Her breath hitched as he drew soft circles on her inner thigh, dragging his hand upwards.

"That's great," she muttered dryly.

"Have you eaten anything all day?" He asked, pushing her panty aside.

"Yes."

"You're a very bad liar," he said, digging his nails into her soft skin.

She gasped, biting down on her lip.

"Okay fine. I wasn't hungry," she shrugged.

"You literally eat six times a day."

"I do not," she said, giving him a scandalized look.

"Can I take your order?" Lindsay said, appearing out of nowhere.

Amelia hadn't even looked at the menu.

"I'll take the usual," Ethan said, giving her his signature lopsided grin as he pushed a finger inside her.

She bit her lip to hold back the scream threatening to escape.

"Make it two, please. She'll have the same," Ethan continued when Amelia made no effort to take a look at the menu.

She was too busy holding back her moans as he pushed deeper inside her, hitting all the right spots.

"If you don't mind me asking, is she your girlfriend?" Lindsay said, giving Amelia a weird look.

No.

Amelia deliberately let out a moan, quickly converting it into a cough but not quick enough for her to not hear.

Her eyes widened as she looked at Ethan's hand, vanishing behind the tablecloth.

She coughed awkwardly, quickly scribbling down whatever he'd ordered.

"Your order will be ready in five minutes." She muttered as she went back to the kitchen, leaving them alone.

Amelia would have laughed if it was under some other circumstances but instead she focused on her breathing as Ethan pushed another finger inside her and gave her a knowing smirk.

She gripped the table tightly, feeling her pussy walls clench around his fingers as he continued to pump them.

He suddenly pulled his fingers out, leaving her feeling empty. Amelia gasped, looking at her with questioning eyes.

"Go in the ladies' room and I'll be there in a minute," he whispered, biting her earlobe softly.

Her eyes widened as she looked around the dining room with a horrified look on her face.

"Are you serious?" She whispered, her legs clenched tightly together, her heart thumping with anticipation.

The fear turned her on.

"Do I look like I'm joking?" He questioned, his voice rough around the edges and Amelia dropped her gaze to the floor, shaking her head in a silent 'no'.

The dom in him just couldn't resist the temptation and she was amazed at how easily she'd obeyed once that voice had taken over.

She got up and walked towards the ladies' room. She closed the door behind her. The white doors of the stalls were wide open and there was no one there.

Had he known that the restroom would be empty?

Before Amelia could find an answer to that question, the door opened and Ethan entered, locking the door behind him.

She was sure the restrooms weren't supposed to be locked.

He walked towards her with long, purposeful strides and she took a step back, her back hitting the sink, a teasing smile on her face.

He raised his eyebrows, a challenging look in his eyes.

He trapped her small frame with his large one, his hand on her cheek as he traced her lips with the pad of his thumb.

"I want to fuck you so bad," he said, his voice dangerously low.

"Do it," Amelia challenged, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt and pulling him a little lower before her lips were on his.

Ethan quickly grabbed her ass, hoisting her up and setting her at the edge of the sink.

He kissed her hungrily, like a starved animal, biting down on her lower lip until she tasted the metallic tinge of blood.

He broke the kiss, going down on his knees as he spread her legs apart. Amelia held onto the edge of the sink as Ethan pressed soft kisses on her inner thigh.

He kissed her clit and Amelia threw back her head, trying to hold back her moans.

He pushed his tongue inside her, hitting all the right spots and Amelia grabbed his hair, tugging on it harshly.

"Ethan," she whispered breathlessly, "I can't."

"Do not cum," his voice was strict, demanding.

Amelia groaned, trying to hold back the orgasm that threatened to burst.

Ethan broke apart, standing up as he pulled her down from the edge of the sink. His lips found hers again and his hands fumbled with the zip at the side of Amelia's skirt

He unzipped it, letting it fall to the floor. He turned her around so that her back was to him.

"Look at yourself," he whispered and she lifted her eyes to the mirror, her face flushed, her pink lips swollen and bruised and her eyes a darker shade of blue, filled with need.

Ethan pushed two fingers inside her and she held back a scream, biting down on her lip instead.

Ethan had wanted to spend the day with her. He knew she wasn't in the position to be left alone. But he had an important business meeting to attend so he had to leave.

Now, this dinner and this sex were his way of making up to her. Of distracting her wild train of thoughts.

As much as Amelia annoyed her, he hated to see her the way she'd been last night. Broken, hurt, lost.

He never wanted to see her like that ever again.

He kissed her a little more fiercely, his fingers pumping in and out of her.

"Ethan, please," she begged, her eyes scrunched close as she tried to hold herself.

"Sshhh," he whispered, his breath fanning the shell of her ear. "And keep your eyes open."

He saw her snapping her eyes open, her lips slightly parted, the light casting a halo around her.

"I can't hold it," she begged, her face tear-streaked as his third finger entered inside her.

She let out a scream before quickly biting her lip to stop herself.

"Don't you dare," he said and she nodded weakly, amazed at how she still obeyed his every command, how weak she'd get with just that one look of his.

She wanted it. The more she tried to run away from him, the more she realized how much she wanted it. How much she loved it.

The fear, the thrill, the anticipation of what came next. Even the punishments.

She wanted all of it. All of Ethan. And then some more.

"Try to be a little quiet, okay?" Ethan asked as she heard the telltale sound of his zipper.

She nodded once again, her knuckles matching the white of the sink.

He adjusted himself against her entrance and then without warning, he thrust inside her.

A tear rolled down her cheek, the pleasure filling every nerve, flowing like blood through her body.

"Fuck, Am," he said, releasing a string of profanities in the air.

"Please," Amelia cried, her voice hoarse.

She managed to look up at the mirror. He looked like he'd been sent down from heaven only for Amelia. She saw his flushed cheeks, beads of sweat gathering at his forehead, and the muscles of his forearm flexing as he continued to pump inside her.

"You can cum now, baby," he managed, his breaths coming out in ragged whispers.

Amelia released a sigh, her body relaxing as she allowed the pleasure to completely take over her. Her eyes rolled back, her back arching as she matched his pace.

Her long-denied orgasm flowed through her, leaving her shaking. Ethan held onto her hair, pumping until he came inside her.

He pulled out, turning her around to face him. His lips latched onto hers but this time the kiss was slower, more passionate.

Ethan opened his mouth as if wanting to say something but decided against it, settling for a smile instead.

He helped get her back into her skirt, wiping the ruined makeup off her cheeks.

"I'll be waiting at the table," he said, giving her a small peck on the forehead and then he was gone.

Amelia stood there for a moment, her body still weak and she looked at herself in the mirror.

Her lips lifted into a smile, Ethan's face looming in her mind with that beautiful smile and flushed cheeks.

She adjusted her dress, smoothed down her hair, and reapplied a bit of makeup, her body aching with every move.

She got up, praying against everything that no one heard them. She spotted Ethan sitting on the table, waiting for her and she took her place next to him.

The rest of the dinner passed in a daze as Amelia slowly got down from her orgasmic high but Ethan's hand remained on her thigh the entire time, giving her a weird sense of comfort.

A/N: Online classes are the most boring thing I've ever experienced.

19| Scars and Souvenirs

Ethan unbuckled his belt, looking at Amelia with lust-filled eyes.

He leaned down, buckling her hands together with the bed rest.

She bit her lips as the rough material cut into her soft skin.

He traced her lip with the pad of his thumb, stopping her from biting it.

She took in a sharp breath and he captured her lips in a soft kiss, his hand cupping her face.

Amelia was always a beautiful woman with her blue eyes and full lips with a splatter of freckles on her nose and cheeks but tonight she looked extra beautiful and Ethan couldn't resist her.

He knew he was in deep shit when he'd found himself going to her apartment with the thought of apologizing to her.

Ethan William never apologized to anyone and the fact that he was doing it for her was enough to make him realize this girl was trouble.

Yet, here he was.

He pulled back from the kiss, both gasping for breath.

He unzipped her pants, pulling them off along with her panties.

She moaned as he kissed her clit, biting her nub gently.

Her moans were enough to make him hard. Pulling off his pants, he pressed his length against her thigh as he pushed his tongue inside her.

She took raspy breaths as he hit her sensitive spot.

Just as she was about to cum, he pulled out. He peppered soft kisses along her stomach before capturing her hard nipple in his mouth.

She moaned as he swirled his tongue over her nipple and she arched her back, grinding her thigh against his length.

He pulled back and captured the other one, continuing his sweet torture on her breasts leaving her in a pool of her arousal.

He brushed his lips against hers before kissing her full on the mouth with a burning passion mixed with lust and hunger.

She moaned in his mouth, the voice sending signals straight to his cock. He grunted, pressing his length harder against her thigh as he yanked on her hair roughly.

"Please, Ethan!" She whispered, looking at him with pleading eyes

He smiled, glad to know that he had the same effect on her as she

had on him.

He placed himself at her entrance, teasing her as he slowly pumped inside her.

She somehow managed to glare at him as she arched her back, desperate for more contact.

He obliged her silent pleas and became pumping inside her faster.

She moaned, matching his speed and he felt her walls clench around him.

She came all over him and he grunted, burying his face in the crook of her neck.

He continued pumping until her third orgasm and until he came inside her, his hot cum filling her.

He fell on top of her with their bodies shaking and covered with sweat.

He unbuckled her arms from the bedrest and she quickly hooked them behind his neck, her breath fanning his face.

She smelled of him.

He rolled to his side and she subconsciously wrapped her arms around his waist, snuggling closer.

Her blue eyes bore into his dark ones as if she was trying to read his mind.

She slowly traced her finger along his cheek, stopping at the barely visible scar on his jawline.

Her forehead wrinkled as she looked at him with a questioning look.

He could almost see the cogs in her head working as she decided whether to question him or not.

"How did you get this?" She asked after a long pause.

"My brother accidentally hit me," he said, preferring to keep the whole truth to himself.

Her eyes widened as she caressed his cheek once again.

"You had a brother?"

"I still have a brother," he laughed softly.

"I just never imagined you having a sibling," she shrugged.

"What about you?" He asked, quickly changing the topic before she could interrogate him any further.

"I have a younger sister and a brother."

"I feel bad for them. They had to tolerate you for so long," he said, wrinkling up his nose.

"I was a very good older sister," she rolled her eyes, smacking his arm.

He smacked her ass in return, earning a surprised gasp from her.

"Ethan," she hummed softly, closing her eyes.

This is not happening again.

He needed to leave but she was already drifting to sleep and her grip was too firm.

"Yes?"

"Where is your brother now?" She asked, making him freeze in his attempts to free himself.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him in a while."

"Why?"

"Go to sleep, Amelia," he said sharply, unwrapping her arm from his waist.

He got up from the bed, abruptly putting on a robe as he made his way towards the door.

"Goodnight, then," she called out accompanied by a soft sigh.

"Goodnight," he muttered, closing the door with a soft snap.

A/N: A very lousy chapter, I know but I promise the next one will be better.

I spent five or more hours on organization my phone and I'm still not satisfied. God help me 😭

And now that we're almost 20 chapters done, I think it's about time I add some action and develop some feelings between Ethan and Amelia.

Thank you so much for sticking with me for so long. I love you all so much. Have a great day ahead ❤❤

20| Party

Trigger warning: Slight sexual abuse in the 2nd half of the chapter.

"Where are you going?" Amelia asked Ethan, looking up from her phone.

"I have a party to attend," he said, strapping a watch on his wrist.

"Oh!"

He looked handsome with a black shirt that perfectly hugged his muscular chest paired with black jeans.

He walked towards the door but stopped in his tracks, slowly turning around to face her.

"Do you want to come?"

Amelia looked up from her phone once again, giving him a scrutinizing look.

"Why do you want me to come?" She asked, raising her eyebrows at him suspiciously.

"It's not like you have anything better to do," he said, rolling his eyes.

She bit back her retort, knowing that he was right.

"Okay then, I'll go and change."

"You have ten minutes," he said, glancing at his watch.

"I can't and won't get ready in ten minutes," she huffed.

It was practically impossible for her to get ready in just ten minutes.

"Then I'll leave without you because I'm already late."

She smirked at him, her eyes silently challenging him before she rushed upstairs to her room.

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Amelia's heels clicked as she made her way downstairs and Ethan's eyes snapped towards her.

"I thought you'd never come," he sighed, getting up and heading towards the door.

"I thought you'd have left by now," she retorted with a teasing tone.

He conveniently choose to ignore the remark as he settled into the car and she followed behind.

They drove into the night with boring music blasting in the car which Amelia tried to turn off but Ethan swatted her hand away.

The car stopped in front of a big, lavish-looking house almost like their house.

They walked up to the front door and the guards opened the door for them.

The number of people inside was overwhelming.

Amelia's eyes took in the huge living room with a bar at one corner and a makeshift dance floor occupying the rest of the room.

"Ethan! You made it," A handsome man appeared at their sides, giving Ethan a side hug.

"Yeah, I changed my mind at the last minute but I'm already regretting it," Ethan shouted over the music, wrinkling up his nose.

"Lighten up a bit, bro," the guy laughed, nudging his shoulder.

"And you are?" He asked, turning to Amelia.

"I'm Amelia," Amelia introduced herself, intentionally leaving out her relationship with Ethan.

It was too complicated to be put into words.

"Nice to meet you," the guy smiled, shaking her hand, "Enjoy yourself. I'll catch up with you in a minute."

And he disappeared in the crowd.

Ethan wrapped his arm around Amelia's and dragged her towards the bar which was emptier than the rest of the room.

He seated himself in a chair and looked over the crowd with an unreadable expression on his face.

"Let's dance," Amelia offered, holding her hand out for him.

"No, I don't dance."

"Of course you don't," she said dryly, turning around and walking towards the crowd.

He watched as she made her way towards the dance floor, her hips swaying along with the beat of the music.

She turned around, winking at Ethan as she grinded against strange men, her eyes twinkling as she laughed at some stupids jokes by some stupid people.

Ethan clenched his fists, a weird feeling bubbling in the pit of his stomach.

A feeling quite foreign to him.

He wanted to drag her back from the floor and kiss her in front of everyone. But he held back the urge.

He wasn't her boyfriend and he had no right to stop her from flirting with other people.

A guy snaked an arm around her waist, pulling her close as they moved their bodies to the rhythm.

They stopped after a while and the guy guided her towards the bar, his hand still clasped around hers.

"Can I buy you a drink?" The guy asked as she took a seat beside

Ethan.

"Yeah, sure."

She waved at Ethan, grinning at him and he rolled his eyes.

"Is he your boyfriend?" He asked Amelia, nodding at Ethan.

"No, not really," Amelia replied, shaking her head.

"Great! You look hot," he grinned, leaning closer to her as if intending to kiss her.

She did look hot with her beige off shoulder dress that stopped around her knees paired with nude heels.

"And so does your girlfriend right there," Ethan interrupted, pushing him away as he pointed to a girl standing near the door.

The girl waved enthusiastically at him and he cursed under his breath.

"Sorry," he mumbled to Amelia before vanishing into the crowd.

"How did you know she was his girlfriend?" Amelia asked Ethan with a bewildered expression.

"I've seen them together at work," he shrugged, chugging the last of his wine.

"Were you planning to fuck him?" He asked abruptly.

"What? No. God, Ethan," she wrinkled up her nose, glaring at him.

"He sure as hell wanted to."

"We were just talking."

"Yeah, sure," he rolled his eyes, ordering another drink.

"Even if I do want to fuck him, why does that bother you?" She asked.

"It doesn't bother me."

"Great!" She huffed as she turned to the bartender and ordered a drink to ease her mind.

"Fuck whoever you want to. I don't care," he growled, standing up from the chair so quickly that the chair almost toppled backward.

"You sure know how to ruin my mood," Amelia rolled her eyes as Ethan walked away.

"Hi, Mr. Bartender, do you know where the restroom is?" She asked, gulping down her drink.

"You can use any room upstairs."

"Thank you," Amelia muttered as she got up from her place and weaved her way through the crowd, cursing under her breath now and again.

She breathed a sigh of relief as she approached the upper floor, which was practically empty.

She opened the first door that she saw and was greeted by a guy, stumbling around the room.

His head snapped upon hearing the door creak and his face split

into an evil smile as his eyes settled on Amelia.

"I'll just leave," Amelia muttered, seeing his gaze scan her entire body and a sense of foreboding filled her.

Before she could comprehend what was happening, the guy ran forward and grabbed her hand in a tight grip, closing the door behind them.

Amelia's hand instinctively flew to his face, slapping him hard on the cheek.

He stumbled backward, his eyes wide as saucers but the expression was quickly replaced with anger.

"You shouldn't have done that," he muttered, the smell of alcohol filling her nostrils before he smashed his lips on hers.

Amelia choked, her heart beating uncontrollably as she tried to push him away but her hands seemed to be made of lead.

She couldn't move her muscles. Her mind drew a blank and she stood there, still as a statue.

Tears threatened to spill out of her eyes as he attacked her neck, sucking her sensitive spot.

What was she doing?

Snapping back to her senses, she pushed the pervert back with all the force she could muster and started shouting at the top of her lungs.

The man clasped his hand over her mouth, throwing her on the bed with surprising strength.

He grabbed her wrists tightly as he leaned over her, filling her with dread as bile rose in her throat.

This was not happening.

Her pleas for help fell on deaf ears as his disgusting hands roamed her body.

She was alone. No one was coming to save her and if she didn't wanted to be raped, she had to do something.

With a surge of inexplicable strength, she kneed him in the crotch.

He let out a guttural sound as he bend over, howling in pain. Grabbing her chance, she gripped the bedside lamp and smashed it on his head as she rushed towards the door.

But before she could reach, the door burst open and Ethan stood in the doorway.

"Where have you been?" He asked before his eyes landed on the guy behind her, still crying in pain and the shattered glass on the floor.

He met her eyes, the blue of her eyes dull, almost invisible and she felt a treacherous tear roll down her cheek.

21| Playroom

A/N: This chapter contains bondage. No warnings will be given after this.

Amelia quickly wiped the tear off, shaking her head at Ethan.

He took a step forward, his eyes fixed on the guy behind her.

"What happened?" He asked, even though it was very clear from the situation of the room.

She'd never seen his eyes this dark. It scared her.

"Nothing. Let's just leave," she said weakly, trying to grab his arm but he quickly turned to her, holding an arm to stop her.

It was like a beast lurking inside the dark eyes, waiting to be unleashed and this occasion had given him just the chance.

He looked at her, scanning her each and every feature before his eyes stopped at her neck.

He reached out to touch the bruise and she unintentionally flinched, stumbling backward.

He quickly withdrew his hand, fixing the potential rapist with a deathly glare as he grabbed his collar and lifted him off his feet.

His fist connected with his face and a disgusting crunching noise told them that his nose was broken.

Ethan raised his fist once again but Amelia stepped forward, grabbing his forearm.

"Please, Ethan. Can we just go home? I don't want to cause a scene," she begged, looking at him with eyes shining with unshed tears.

He studied her before slowly lowering his arm.

"Are you okay?" He asked and she nodded, feeling anything but okay.

He laced his fingers with her and lead her away from the mess but she stopped in her tracks, forcing him to stop too.

She wrapped her arm around his neck, enveloping him in a hug as silent sobs rocked her body.

He relaxed under her touch, slowly wrapping his arms around her waist, hiding her under his arms.

They'd done much more intimate things than a simple hug but the hug felt so different.

He wanted to hold onto her forever, to protect her from everyone that wanted to harm her but he'd failed.

He let out a frustrated breath before slowly pushing her back.

"Let's go home, okay?"

She nodded shakily, rubbing her swollen eyes as he grabbed her hand and lead her out of the room and into the crowd.

It was hard to believe that she'd been dancing like crazy just a few hours ago without a worry in the world.

"I'll talk to Francis. You wait here," Ethan said, freeing his arm from her grip.

"No, I told you I don't want to create a scene."

"Am, I should let him know about that asshole so that this doesn't happen to anyone else," he argued and she reluctantly released his hand.

Ethan came back five minutes later and silently grabbed her hand, leading the way towards the car.

She relaxed in her seat, closing her eyes as she tried to push back the horrible memories of the night.

She reached out and touched the bruise on her neck, making her skin crawl with disgust.

"What happened?" She asked, turning to Ethan as she noticed the car stopped in the middle of a dark road.

"Come here," he said, holding out his hand for her.

She frowned before grabbing it and climbing onto his lap.

He tilted her neck to a side, rubbing the pad of his thumb gently over the bruise.

She shuddered at the contact, her heart thumping wildly in her chest.

"I'm sorry," he said at last and Amelia blinked back the tears in her eyes.

"What for?"

"For not being there. I should have been with you."

"It's okay, Ethan. And thank you for finding me," she said solemnly and then turned her tone a bit lighter, "And anyways, I handled the situation pretty amazingly myself."

"Yeah, you were amazing," he said. He sounded so genuine, it made her heart jump.

He removed his thumb from her neck and kissed her instead, sucking on the spot.

She moaned softly, grinding against the bulge in his pants.

He grunted against her neck, holding her hips to stop her.

"We should go home."

"Definitely," Amelia muttered.

"Are you not going to get off?" He asked with a ghost of a smirk.

"Can't you drive like this?" She challenged, raising her eyebrows at him.

"I can but if we got in an accident, it'll be all on you."

"I'll take the chance," she grinned, burying her face in the crook of his neck, breathing in his intoxicating smell.

They drove the rest of the way in silence and Amelia held back the urge to tease him and sat quite still on his lap.

He parked the car and helped Amelia get down, following behind her.

The guards nodded at them and the moment the door closed behind them, Ethan pulled Amelia in his chest, capturing her lips in a needy and lustful kiss.

She responded immediately, opening her mouth to grant him entrance.

He grabbed her hips and she wrapped her legs around his waist, deepening the kiss.

They pulled apart, both gasping for breath.

"You have no idea the things I want to do with you," he whispered in her ear and she pulled back, looking him straight in the eye.

"Do it, then," she nodded.

He blinked, looking at her with an unsure expression on his face.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Ethan. I'm sure."

She needed whatever he could give her. She needed to forget everything that happened and only think about Ethan.

He put her down softly, the gentleness in his voice vanishing at once.

"I want you in the playroom in five minutes," he said, his voice sending shivers down her spine and she immediately nodded.

Pulling off her heels, she placed them near the couch and rushed upstairs, her heart thumping with anticipation.

She stepped inside the room and allowed her eyes to drink in the familiar surroundings.

The dark walls gave a room a mysterious look. The bed laid at the corner of the room with walls decorated with paddles, crops, and whips.

The room was three times as big as her room as she was sure it was the biggest room in the house.

There was a bondage horse at one corner and a table next to it. A queening chair sat in a corner but the thing that got her attention was the suspension bar hanging from the ceiling with handcuffs dangling from it.

It wasn't there a year ago.

The room had everything she ever wanted but the man who owned it wasn't the best person.

But now that she had stayed with him, she was realizing he wasn't all bad.

Would it be bad to give him another chance?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the creak of the door and she turned on her heels to see Ethan staring at her.

"Strip," he ordered as he locked the door behind him.

She obliged at once, slipping out of her dress. She took off her undergarments, throwing them in the pile of clothes at her foot.

He opened a drawer, shuffling around a bit as he took out a thick rope and a spreader.

He walked towards the black table and motioned for her to follow.

"Lay face down," he said, pointing to the table.

She did as she was told, resting her head against the cool material of the table so that her legs were dangling down.

He pulled her arms behind her back and tied them with the rope before cuffing her ankles with the spreader.

She gasped as he adjusted the spreader so that her legs were wide apart, giving him entrance to her pussy.

"Remember your safeword," he whispered in her ear as he yanked her hair and a soft whimper escaped her lips.

Lucifer.

That was her safeword because devil was the first word that popped in her head when she'd first seen Ethan. He had an evil glint in his eyes but he looked so handsome. He had a white shirt on with a pair of black jeans.

She was swooning just by staring at him and he'd snapped his fingers in front of her to bring her back to her senses.

He hadn't ever greeted her properly before he'd shoved a book full of rules and regulations in her hands and had left within a blink of an eye.

Ethan tilted her neck to a side, bringing her back to the present as he sucked her neck and trailed kisses down her spine.

His hand connected with her ass, slapping it hard. She moaned, her skin hitting the rough surface of the table.

He rubbed his palm on the spot and hit her once again. Her arousal dripped down her thigh as she tried to hold back her orgasm.

He adjusted the spreader once again, spreading her legs impossibly apart. He kissed her dripping wet clit, dipping his tongue inside.

"Ethan, please. I can't hold it back," she said in between moans.

He pulled out, unzipping his pants, and thrusted his cock inside her.

She screamed, struggling against the restraints as her walls slowly adjusted to his size.

He yanked her hair back, thrusting inside her. She arched her back, matching his pace as she came all over on his cock.

He groaned huskily, filling her with his hot liquid. He untied her hands, flipping her over as he buried his face in her neck.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, holding him near until their breathing became normal.

A/N: I don't know how I managed to update so soon but I did.

Enjoy and have an amazing day ahead ❤

22| Master

Beautiful aesthetic made by Alyssa_Evangeline

Amelia's bedroom door burst open and Ethan stood in the doorway, his nose wrinkled up.

"Slow down the music. I'm trying to work," he shouted.

"So am I," she shrugged.

"With such loud music?"

"Yes, it helps me concentrate."

"You're crazy," he shouted over the music as he walked towards the system and unplugged the switch.

"What the heck, Ethan?" She said, standing up to her full height to appear tall.

"You're disturbing everyone in the house," he replied, looking unbothered.

"You are the only person in this house except for me," she stated in a bored tone.

"Okay, then you're disturbing me."

She rolled her eyes as she headed towards the music system and tried to plug it back in.

"Use earphones if you want," he hissed, swatting her hand away.

"I won't and you can't make me."

"I sure can make you," he said with a cocky grin.

"I'd like to see you.." She was cut mid-sentence by Ethan.

"Trust me, you don't want to complete that sentence," he said, his grin giving place to a more serious expression.

She averted her gaze to hide how intimidated she was by his towering height and lean built.

Inhaling sharply, she met his gaze once again.

"I'd like to see you try," she challenged, punctuating every syllable.

He threw her on his shoulders the moment the words left her mouth.

"Ow, Ethan! Put me down," she screamed, smacking his arm as his shoulder blades poked her stomach painfully.

The sound of a key twisting in a lock was drowned out by Amelia's continuous whining of letting her go.

She stopped when she realized where they were. He put her down gently and her breath hitched as her eyes scanned the darkroom.

She turned around to face Ethan who was leaning against the doorframe, looking at her with a raised eyebrow.

Just one word and he'd have to let her go. Just one word and she'd have all the power over him.

Just one word.

But her throat felt constricted and her heart sped with anticipation. She felt her panties sticking to her clit and she clenched her thighs.

She wanted this.

Slowly, she averted her gaze from Ethan and stared at the floor instead, wordlessly telling him to go on.

"Strip," he ordered, noticing how her gaze dropped.

She obliged, getting out of her sweats and throwing them by her feet.

He slipped a blindfold over her head, plunging everything in darkness as he dragged her to a corner of the room.

He pulled her hand up and handcuffed it.

He did the same to her other hand and she had to get on her toes to stand upright.

She waited with batted breath for his touch but it never came.

Instead, she shrieked as she felt something cold hit her ass, taking her by surprise.

Ethan grabbed her ponytail and yanked on it harshly, pulling her head backward.

"If you made even a single sound unless spoken directly to, I'm going to leave you like this the whole day. Am I clear?" He asked, his voice enough to make her come.

Swallowing all the doubts threatening to cloud her decision, she said, "Yes, Master."

Ethan froze, not believing his ears as he stared at her with a bewildered look which she wasn't able to see.

"What did you say?" He asked after what felt like hours.

"I said yes, master," Amelia repeated, her lips tugging upwards in a tiny smile.

She'd been thinking about this for weeks and had come to the conclusion that she trusted Ethan.

Trusted him enough to give him the title that she never thought she'd give to someone like Ethan.

They lacked trust the first time but this time was different.

Ethan cupped her face, his lips lifting into a small smile. This wasn't supposed to mean anything to him but it did.

It did mean a hell lot to him.

His lips met hers and the room fell away. His heart beated in rhythm to hers, making a melody of their own.

He pulled back suddenly and she bit back the groan of disappointment threatening to escape her lips.

The crop made contact with her stomach, leaving a stinging sensation and she bit down on her lip.

She could almost sense him circling her like a prey and she held onto the handcuffs tightly.

He hit the small of the back and her whimpers turned into soft moans and she covered her mouth with her forearm to avoid making any sounds.

He didn't used the crop hard to leave blisters on her skin but enough to leave marks that'll stay for a day. He wasn't too harsh or too soft.

What he was doing to her wasn't as painful as what he was denying her was.

She wanted to feel his lips on hers and his hands on her body and he knew that too but he was deliberately making her wait.

The cold material hit her ass once again and she felt her arousal drip down her legs.

She fought back the urge to beg him to stop this torture because she knew it'd only get her in more trouble.

He slipped the crop between her thighs, pressing it against her dripping pussy.

She couldn't stop the moan that escaped her lips.

He hit her ass with the crop now covered with her arousal, this time much harsher than before and she bit back a whimper.

"Should I leave you like this?" He questioned, his breath fanning the shell of her ear.

She shook her head, unable to form coherent words.

"Use your words, Amelia," he said sharply, hitting her ass with the crop.

"No, please, don't," she managed, her breaths raspy.

"Don't what?" He asked, yanking on her hair painfully. She wanted to scream with the frustration building up inside her but she held her tongue.

"Please, don't leave me, sir. Please, I want you inside me," she begged, hoping he'd give in.

She heard him unbuckling his belt and a relieved sigh escaped her lips.

He pushed inside her with one swift thrust and the tears of pleasure rolled down her cheeks.

He didn't allow her to adjust to his size and kept on thrusting mercilessly.

He yanked her hair, bringing his mouth close to her ear.

"Do you want to say something?" He asked huskily.

"No, master," Amelia managed to choke out.

She'd grown so used to of calling him by his name that it felt weird to call him master.

"Good."

He hit the spot that made her body shake and her legs gave out. She gripped onto the handcuffs to keep herself steady and her orgasm flowed through her body.

He tugged on her hard nipples, twisting them between his forefinger and thumb.

He came with a groan that resonated through her body.

He pulled out of her and took off her blindfold.

She blinked twice to adjust to the light as he fumbled with her handcuffs.

She immediately wrapped her arms around his neck, melting into his body.

"Do you think you can walk?"

"No, but don't throw me on your shoulders," she said and then realizing that they were still in the room, added a 'please'.

"Why not?" He chuckled softly, pulling her on his shoulders nevertheless.

"What's the point of asking?" she said but a smile found its way on her face nevertheless as she squirmed around to make herself as comfortable as possible.

He placed her on the bed like she was the most fragile person and a little harshness can break her.

She gave him a weak smile as he fell next to her. She didn't waste a second before wrapping her arms around his waist as she snuggled in his chest.

He relaxed under her touch and they drifted into a deep slumber.

A/N: Thank you so much for 2k+ reads. I'm so thankful for all your love and support.

Lots of love,
Me.

23| Constellations

A/N: DON'T KILL ME. I know it's been a whole month since I last updated and I'm so sorry for the delay. I just couldn't bring myself to write a single word. Writer's block suck and I hope I never get through this again lmao.

Also, thank you so much for 4k reads and for sticking with me through this. YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST AND I LOVE YOU ALL ❤❤✧

Amelia winced with the cramps twisting and turning her insides painfully as she made her way downstairs.

Ethan was sitting on the couch, furiously typing away on his laptop. He spared her a glance before returning to his work.

She sat down on the stool in front of the kitchen counter.

"Are you alright? Have you been crying?" Liv asked with a frown as she took in her pale face and red eyes.

"No, but can I please get some pain killers? I got my periods and the pain is killing me," she said with a desperate edge to her voice.

"I'll make you a herbal tea," Liv said in a heartbeat as she opened a cabinet and took out some ingredients.

"No, Liv it's alright. Just give me some pain killers and I'll be fine."

"Pain killers can have a lot of side effects. Wait a minute and I'll be done with this," she said strictly, pouring herbs in the bubbling water.

As much as she didn't wanted to sit around and wait, it felt good to have someone who cared.

Her thoughts raced back to when her mother would stay with her until the pain subsided.

"Stupid periods and stupid hormones," she grumbled, resting her head on the kitchen counter.

"Here you go," Liv's voice called out, breaking her train of thoughts.

A steaming cup of brownish liquid sat in front of her.

She wrinkled her nose at the odor of different herbs mixed together and took a small sip.

The liquid burned her throat and left a bad taste on her tongue.

"It's very bad, Liv," she complained.

"That's how it is. Finish it all."

"Thank you," she said with a genuine smile, giving her a quick hug as she grabbed the cup and made her way back to her room.

Liv smiled back, waving a dismissing hand.

She opened her balcony door and was greeted by a gust of wind that ruffled her hair. A contented sigh escaped her lips as she settled herself on the mat, gazing at the starry sky.

Her peaceful thoughts were interrupted by a soft knock on the door. She looked back to see Ethan standing at the doorframe.

"Hey!" She greeted him with a soft smile, patting the space beside her, asking him to sit down.

"How's the pain?" He asked.

"Much better. This thing tastes terrible but it actually works," Amelia said, pointing at the cup.

"Yeah, Liv's really good with herbal remedies and stuff. She's been my doctor since forever."

"You never went to a real doctor?" Amelia asked.

"Except for the yearly checkups, no."

"Really? That's crazy!"

"What's so crazy about it? I'm a healthy person who doesn't get sick a lot," he shrugged with a ghost of a smile.

"Whatever you say, Mr. Healthy person."

"So, what are you doing here?"

"Stargazing," she said, holding out her binoculars.

"That's so boring."

"No, it's not. It's very interesting if you know what you're looking at."

"So, what is it you're looking at?" He asked and Amelia's head snapped in his direction.

Her throat went dry as she stared into his dark eyes, getting lost in a whirlwind of emotions.

Snap out of it.

"Here you go," she said, clearing her throat as she passed the binoculars to him and he stared at the sky.

"That's Aquila," she said, guiding his hand a little towards the left, "the one that looks like an inverted V."

"I think I see it," Ethan muttered, "It looks more like a weird T."

"It's supposed to be an eagle," Amelia explained and Ethan turned his full attention towards her, "According to Greek Mythology, it was the eagle that carried Aquarius up to Mount Olympus to be the cup-bearer."

"You know a lot about constellations and Greek Mythology," he sounded genuinely impressed.

"I love stargazing and you have to know a bit of mythology to understand it," she shrugged.

"Makes sense," he chuckled, looking at her with such intensity that she felt her breath hitching, "so, can you find any other constellations?"

"Of course," she said confidently, holding out her hand for the binoculars.

He watched as she adjusted the strap around her neck and looked over to the sky with utmost concentration.

"Here," she pointed a little to her left, handing the binoculars to him, "that's Canis Major."

"The one that looks like a weird stick man?"

"Yes, that's the one," she laughed at his interpretations.

"And the bright star at its head is called Sirius. It's the brightest star in the night sky," she explained.

"Like Sirius from Harry Potter," he said casually and her eyes widened momentarily.

"You've read Harry Potter?" She asked, trying to keep the surprise out of her voice.

"You sound very surprised," he chuckled and she grinned, shaking her head slightly.

"I just never thought you'd be the guy to read fantasy books."

"I can understand why you'd think that," he nodded and she giggled at the seriousness of his voice.

"It's an amazing series. I've been a fan since I was eleven," she sighed with a nostalgic look on her face.

"I was very little when I first saw the books. My mother used to read it to me."

Amelia turned her gaze towards him and he smiled at her, running a hand through his dark hair.

"You never talk about your family," she blurted out.

"I don't have a family," he shrugged like it was the most normal thing to say.

Amelia wanted to ask him what he meant but bit back her questions, not wanting to force him.

"My mother died when I was ten and my father when I was fifteen. You already know about my brother."

She could almost feel the sadness seeping from his voice.

"I'm sorry," she said slowly, comprehending his words. She held his hand, unsure of what else to say.

He shrugged once again, offering her a smile that seemed forced, and gave her hand a gentle squeeze.

The wind whistled past them, knocking them out of their reverie. He looked over at her and as if his body was working on its own, he leaned forward, his lips only an inch away from hers.

He pushed a strand of her hair behind her ear, his fingers

lingering on her cheek for a moment longer.

She saw the doubt in his eyes, as clear as day before he pulled back, lifting himself off the ground.

"I should go to bed. It's getting late," Ethan said and Amelia nodded with a sigh.

"Wait, Ethan, stop!" She called out, getting to her feet and he turned around with a questioning look on his face.

She walked over to him, cupping his face in her palm as she captured his lips in a soft kiss.

He wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her closer as he bit on her lip softly, earning a muffled moan from her.

They pulled back, both gasping for breath.

"Good night," Amelia muttered with a smile gracing her lips.

"Night," he smiled, leaving her alone with her thoughts which couldn't stop swirling around Ethan and how giddy he was starting to make her feel.

Something in her heart told her that they were way over the 'just a sexual relationship' part of their deal.

24| In his arms

Their heavy breaths mingled with each other were the only sound in the room.

Amelia pulled away from the kiss and fumbled with Ethan's belt, sliding it from the loops.

She dragged his pants down along with his boxers, letting his cock free.

She wrapped her hand around his hard length, massaging the base with the palm of her hand.

Ethan sucked in a sharp breath as she swirled her tongue over his tip in slow and teasing motions.

He tangled his hand in her hair and yanked on it. She gagged as his tip hit the back of her throat and her eyes watered.

They were interrupted by Ethan's phone ringing loudly. Amelia stared at him before hollowing her cheeks and taking him all in.

He groaned, reaching for his phone. He stared at the phone, contemplating whether to pick the call or not.

"Good evening, Mr. Johnson," he said, receiving the call and Amelia groaned disappointedly, falling onto the mattress next to him.

He blew a frustrated breath and ran a hand through his hair.

"I know and I've already told you, I'll get to it as soon as possible."

"Is something wrong?" She asked.

"He's an annoying bastard," Ethan mouthed, pointing at the phone and Amelia bit her lips to stop a silly grin from spreading on her face.

"I feel bad for you," she whispered with a sympathetic expression as she got up and took him in her mouth once again.

She smirked, sucking on him harder. His breaths became louder and he closed his eyes, barely listening to the man on the phone.

"Uh-huh," he hummed absent-mindedly as she took him further in.

"Mail me the document and I'll get to it soon," Ethan mumbled, his voice deeper than ever.

He hung up, throwing the phone to a side as he pushed his cock further in her mouth.

His grip on her hair tightened as she felt him vibrate in her mouth.

He came with a grunt, filling her with his hot liquid and she swallowed it quickly.

"Who was it?" She asked, looking at his phone.

"I have to complete some paperwork and that idiot is pressuring me. I can't work when I'm under pressure."

"I can work only when I'm under pressure," she said with a small smile.

She got up to leave but he yanked at her arm, making her stumble on his chest.

"Ow!" She groaned, looking at him with a questioning look.

"Where are you going?" He asked.

"Don't you have work to do?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I do but it can wait."

"Okay," Amelia grinned, burying her face in the crook of his neck.

He squeezed her ass and a gasp escaped her lips.

He grabbed onto her shoulders and flipped her over, smashing his lips on hers.

Amelia responded back, her nails scratching his back as she kissed him back with a certain desperation and hunger that made Ethan weak.

He twisted her nipple between his thumb, pulling onto it gently.

She moaned, her lustful eyes begging him to go faster.

He grinned darkly, twisting and tugging at her nipple while his tongue explored her mouth.

She thrusted her hips forward, dying for him to touch her where she wanted but he wasn't about to give it that easily.

"Ethan, please," she begged, her nails digging in his back.

He sucked on her neck, leaving purple bruises and she moaned, raking her hands through his hair.

His hand snaked down to her inner thigh, his finger circling her sensitive spot.

"Ethan!" she moaned his name, grabbing onto the bedspread.

He stared at the woman in front of her, her forehead covered with beads of sweat, her eyes closed with anticipation and her cheeks tinted with color.

He shook himself out of his reverie, his sudden emotions leaving him stunned.

Amelia opened her eyes slowly to see Ethan staring at her with an expression that she couldn't quite place, his chest heaving and falling with every breath.

He smiled at her before pushing his cock inside her with one swift motion, making her whimper.

He pumped inside her with rough thrusts, making her yell out in pain and pleasure.

He kept thrusting until they both were too tired to move a muscle.

She fell next to him, heaving deep breaths to calm her racing heart.

Her eyes landed on the tattoo on his chest and she traced it with her finger absentmindedly.

"What does this mean?" She asked at last.

He looked at her for a moment before closing his eyes and sighing softly.

"It reminds me of my mother. It's actually the only thing I remember about her."

Amelia's eyes grew wide but she quickly turned her expressions back to normal.

Everything she asked somehow reminded him of his tragic past and she felt angry at herself for being the one shoving all the questions in his face.

She was about to say sorry but he cut her off.

"She was amazing with a guitar and she taught me too," he said, his lips lifting into a sad smile.

Amelia smiled back, her finger still tracing the lines of black ink.

"You know how to play the guitar? That's amazing."

"I know only a few things,"

"Can you.." her sentence was cut off by Ethan shaking his head slowly.

"No, I won't show you," he said.

"Oh come on. How will I know that you're good then?" She pouted.

"You don't have to know and I'm good at everything I do," he chuckled.

"Not even once?"

"No."

"Please!"

"No."

"Okay fine!" She huffed, glaring at him.

He gave her his signature lopsided grin and snaked an arm around her waist, pulling her closer.

She breathed in his smell, finding peace in his arms as she closed her eyes.

"Good night," he whispered.

"Night!" She whispered back, holding onto him tightly.

A/N: I FINALLY UPDATED!!

Thanks for sticking around and thanks a lot for almost 7k reads.

Fun fact: I was about to write a non-smut chapter but I

thought that haven't written a smut chapter for so long so I wrote this but when I went back, I saw that chapter 22 was a smut one lmao. But I guess no one minds a little extra smut.

Also, listen to "look at me" by why don't we. That song was playing in my head all the time I was writing this chapter 🙈

25| Feelings

Ethan tapped his foot impatiently, waiting for Amelia to come back from the restroom so that they could head back home.

He took out his phone but seeing the thousands of work notifications only made his head spin.

He wanted to go home and spend the rest of the night with Amelia.

That girl just wouldn't leave his mind. She was everywhere he went. She was everything he needed to keep him sane.

He was falling for her.

The mere thought of loving someone as good as Amelia scared the shit out of him.

He had been with many girls but their relationship had never turned into anything more than just sexual pleasure.

What went wrong with her? Why was Amelia so different? What was he supposed to do now?

He was sure she'd never feel the way about him.

His wild train of thoughts was interrupted by someone appearing in front of his table.

The sight in front of him froze him for a second and he blinked twice, trying to compose himself.

"Hello, Ethan," the man in front of him said with a cheery smile.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Ethan questioned, knowing that it can't be anything good.

"Just wanted to talk to you," the man said with a solemn look on his face as he quietly slipped in the seat next to Ethan as if they were old friends meeting accidentally.

"I don't. Get lost, Noah," he said through gritted teeth.

"You're going to get people hurt if you continue this behaviour. Especially that girlfriend of yours," Noah said, watching with satisfaction as the anger in Ethan's eyes flickered to fear.

"I swear if you bring her into this, I'm going to kill you," he hissed, yanking onto his collar.

"You're good at that, aren't you? Killing people close to you?" Noah mocked as he grabbed Ethan's glass of wine and took a sip.

Ethan felt paralyzed as the words sank in, bringing back all the horrible memories. His hand slipped from around Noah's collar, falling limply to his side.

He knew it wasn't his fault but that didn't stop the guilt from re-surfacing.

"Are you trying to blackmail me?" Ethan asked with a cold, dry laugh.

"Oh, no not at all. I'm just trying to persuade you to work with me. I need your help," Noah said with such conviction that if Ethan didn't knew him so well, he would have agreed by now.

"I'm not helping you with whatever shit you're involved in. Why can't you just accept that and leave me alone?" Ethan asked with a tired sigh.

"I'm not leaving you alone. If you won't agree easily, we'll do it the hard way. And that could hurt your girlfriend and Olivia. Be careful, brother."

With that, he got up and patted Ethan's shoulder lightly, giving him a sinister grin as he walked away.

Ethan sat there for a moment, trying to compose his thoughts which were all over the place.

There was a light clatter of heels and Amelia appeared next to him. Her smile vanished as she looked at Ethan.

"Are you alright?" She asked, placing a hand on his arm.

Ethan jerked back to his senses and gave Amelia a weak smile.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Let's go," he said hurriedly, grabbing her arm and pulling her out of the restaurant.

"You look very on edge," Amelia pointed out as she sat inside the car.

"Uh-huh," he said absent-mindedly, looking straight ahead with a far off look in his eyes.

"Ethan!" Amelia snapped her fingers in front of his face.

"Amelia, I told you I'm fine," he said harshly.

Amelia shook her head dejectedly and took out her phone, scrolling through her social media for the rest of the ride.

Why did he have to be so complicated all the time?

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Amelia poured the second glass of whiskey and placed the bottle on the kitchen counter a little loudly, winching at the sound.

They had arrived home and Ethan had darted straight to his room, ignoring Amelia completely.

Just when she was starting to think about telling him about her true feeling, he had fallen back to his old behavior.

What was she even thinking?

It was Ethan. He never thought of any girl more than just a sexual partner.

But what she felt when she was with him was different. He made her vulnerable.

She sighed, feeling pathetic with every passing minute.

There were footsteps behind her and she closed her eyes, drowning the rest of the drink.

Ethan pulled out the chair next to her and poured a glass for himself.

"I'm sorry I left like that. I just had a lot on my mind," he said quietly, placing his hand on hers.

"That's fine," she said with an unconvincing smile.

"Is something bothering you, Am?" He asked with a look that bore holes in her skull.

She gulped down the rest of the drink, reaching out for more but Ethan pulled the bottle back, raising an eyebrow at her.

"I want to talk to you about something but I need to get drunk to do that."

"What does that even mean?"

"It means that if I tell you this like this, it'll get very awkward," she said, reaching for the bottle once again but he pulled it back.

"You don't need to get drunk to talk to me," he said softly, cupping her cheek in his palm.

She blew a breath as she closed her eyes, relishing the feeling of his touch. Even if he didn't feel the same about her, which he probably didn't, it was still worth a try.

But the fear of losing everything she had with him was there, nagging her to shut up.

"Ethan, I- I wanted to tell you this for so long but I didn't know how you'd react. God, I still don't know how you'll react but I need to get it out of my system."

She paused, sighing softly and he silently urged her to continue.

"I like you," she said quickly, her words stringing together, "I like you more than just a sexual partner."

He kept quiet for a minute, processing her words and she slowly shook her head, her heart sinking with every minute of silence.

"So, that's that. Just forget what I said, okay? You don't have to say anything. Ughh, I knew it'll be awkward. I shouldn't have said that. I should leave," she blubbered, getting up to leave but he yanked at her arm, pulling her on his lap.

"Shut up and let me talk, will you?" He asked with a lopsided grin that made her heart race with anticipation.

"I don't want to forget it and it's not awkward at all. In fact, I think I like you too," he said quietly and Amelia blinked twice, not believing her ears.

"You think?" She questioned with a raised eyebrow and a smile playing on her lips.

"Nah, I'm sure I do," he confessed, resting her forehead against

hers.

"I still can't believe you feel that way about me."

"Why not? Is it that hard to believe?"

"Very," she chuckled, pecking his lips.

He grinned, pulling her into a more passionate kiss.

The night definitely took a turn for the best.

A/N: Yep, it finally happened. Wohooo!!

Was it too rushed?? I don't know, I'm a bit skeptical about this chapter but I hope you'll enjoy it.

26| Lurking danger

"But he- he can't do that. I know him," Liv said with a disbelieving tone as she shook her head.

"You knew him a long time ago, Liv. He's changed and he doesn't care about anything or anyone," Ethan explained as the disbelieve in Liv's eyes gave way to pain.

"Isn't there anything you can do to help him? He's your brother, Ethan," she asked and it broke Ethan's heart to see how much the whole Noah affair affected her.

"He doesn't need help, Liv. He's in too deep. He only cares about power and he'll do anything to get that," Ethan sighed, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"What does he need you for, then?" she asked, still thinking there was some hope for the kid she used to love.

She was a second mother to both Ethan and Noah, and Ethan knew she'd do anything to protect them both but Noah didn't need her protection.

"He needs me to kill someone for him," Ethan said softly and Liv gasped, her eyes widening.

"He's second in command to the underworld leader and killing the leader will make him the next leader. He won't do it himself because that could jeopardize his promised position if anyone found out."

A lone tear slipped down her cheek as tried to process all the information.

It was no use hiding it from her. She needed to know the truth.

"Don't do that, okay?" She said, knowing that Ethan will do anything if that meant protecting the people he loved.

Ethan sucked in a breath and gave her a restricted smile.

"I won't but he's using you and Amelia to threaten me. I know he won't do anything to you but I don't want to drag Amelia into my mess."

"Then tell her the truth. The whole truth," she said softly but Ethan shook his head.

"I can't. Not yet, at least," he said firmly, leaving no place for debate.

"Anyways," he continued, "Ken will be with you all the time. Don't do anywhere without him, okay?"

"Don't worry about me. I'll be fine. You just look after yourself and Amelia," she said with a grateful smile as she patted his cheek.

"And take care of yourself. You've gotten so weak," she chastised, clicking her tongue disapprovingly.

"I'm perfectly fine, Liv," he groaned, knowing she'd lecture him for over-working himself.

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"Hey, Ethan," Amelia knocked on his bedroom door lightly, waiting for an answer.

Ethan had come home early from work and he hadn't stepped out of his room ever since and it was starting to worry Amelia.

"Come in," came the weak voice from inside.

She unsurely opened the door and peeked inside to see the room plunged in darkness.

She frowned as she stepped inside and groped around for the switches.

On finding the switchboard, she flipped the light on and Ethan came in view, sitting in front of his desk with his laptop propped open in front of him.

He groaned, shielding his eyes from the brightness.

"Hey!" He grinned.

"Are you alright?" She asked worriedly as she walked towards him and placed a hand on his arm.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Why?" he said.

"You seem tired."

She told him to scoot and sat next to him, her eyes taking in his room. It was mostly empty with necessary things lining his dressing table.

His work desk was probably the most cluttered furniture in his room. The lack of stuff in his room made it look very spacious.

Her eyes landed on the single photo frame on his bedside table. There was a little kid with bright eyes and a tall woman next to him, both smiling widely.

Amelia's lips lifted into a smile as she turned to look at the guy beside her. He looked so tired, the brightness in his eyes was replaced by a certain darkness.

Ethan coughed softly, covering his mouth with his hand and she looked at him suspiciously.

She placed her hand on his forehead but quickly withdrew it on feeling how hot it was.

"Ethan, you're burning," she exclaimed.

"What? No, I'm fine," he said, shooing her hand away.

"Then, why are you so hot?" She asked, folding her hands over her chest.

"I'm glad you think so," he said without wasting a minute with a cocky grin on his face.

She rolled her eyes, smacking his arm.

"Get up. I'm taking you to the hospital," she said, closing his laptop screen.

"Hey!" He complained but stood nevertheless.

"I'm not going to any hospital," he said stubbornly.

"Really, Ethan? You're sick."

"I just need some rest and I'll be fine."

"What do you have against hospitals?" She asked.

"They smell of death and it's suffocating," he said matter-of-factly.

He took off his shirt and Amelia's eyes immediately went to his muscular chest.

"You're drooling," he said and she looked up at him to see him smirking at her.

A silly smile spread across her face as she rolled her eyes. Ethan took slow, teasing steps towards her and she shook her head.

"Ethan, no. Go to sleep," she giggled, taking a step back.

His smile grew wider as he yanked on her arm, pulling her closer. She stumbled forward, leaning against his chest as she slapped his ass.

Ethan's eyes grew wider, not excepting that from her and she slipped out of his grip, getting farther away, laughing.

"You did not," he said, his eyes glinting mischievously as he lunged towards her and her back hit the door.

He caged her between his arms, his length pressing against her stomach.

She bit her lips, her panties pooling. She wanted nothing more than for him to fuck her but she stopped herself, keeping his condition in mind.

He leaned forward, his lips brushing her ear and she shivered at the contact.

"If I wasn't so contagious right now, I would have fucked you raw."

"I would love that," Amelia smirked, "but you need to rest. It can wait."

She stood on her tiptoes and pecked his cheek, softly pushing him back. He grinned, walking back towards his bed.

"Where are you going?" He asked as she turned around to leave.

"I thought you would want to be left alone."

"Turn the lights off and come here," he said, holding out his hand for her.

Her heart fluttered and she grinned as she grabbed his hand and snuggled next to him, the rhythm of his heartbeat lulling her to

sleep.

A/N: This book hit 10k reads. Can you believe that? Because I can't.

I can't thank you all enough for all the support you've given this book. I love you all ❤

27 | Do I have to name every chapter?

"Hey," Ethan muttered groggily as he looked at Amelia with lidded eyes.

"Hey! You're finally up. I thought you were dead or something," she chuckled, putting her phone down.

He sat upright with a horrified expression on his face.

"How long have I been asleep?" He asked, immediately reaching for his phone.

"Seven to eight hours," she shrugged, casually swatting his hand away from his phone.

"Why can't you stay away from your phone?" She glared at him, trying to snatch it away from him.

A part of her was always warning her about the downsides of trusting Ethan because, after all, he was the sort of guy who went after one-night stands and no strings attached.

"Check the notifications," he said, unlocking his phone as he held it out for her.

"What?" She questioned, her face perfectly portraying the shock she felt.

He urged her to take it and she did, her heart fluttering as his fingers brushed against hers.

"100 plus notifications," she said with a slight scoff to her voice.

"In just eight hours. I can't skip work," he said, passing her a small smile.

"Okay but you need to take care of yourself too. How're you feeling?" She asked, checking his forehead.

"Much better."

"Good. I asked Liv to make something to help with the cold," she said, pointing to a cup sitting on his bedside table.

"You told Liv I'm sick? She'll kill me."

"No, I didn't tell her," Amelia laughed, shaking her head, "I told her it was for me."

"Oh! Thanks, baby," he grinned cheekily.

It was the little things she did that made Ethan realize how deeply he cared for the woman in front of him.

He grabbed her arm and pulled her forward. She stumbled onto his chest with a groan as she glared at him.

He grinned, capturing her lips in a kiss. She melted against him

as his hands went under her shirt.

She moaned as his hands gripped her breasts, his fingers tugging at her nipples painfully.

His hard erection pressed against her thighs and she grinded against it.

He groaned, biting down on her lip harshly. She pulled back, both gasping for breath.

A smirk graced his features on seeing the flushed look on Amelia's face and the lustful look in her eyes.

Just the way she was sitting told him how wet she was, turning him harder than he already was.

He grabbed her ass, his fingers toying with the band of her pajamas. She rolled her eyes as her hands went down to get rid of his shorts.

But she stopped when she heard her phone vibrate. She gave him a sorry smile as she reached out for her phone.

Her heart sped as she looked at the sender and her grip tightened around the phone as she stared at the single text.

"Are you okay? Who is it?" Ethan asked, snapping her out of her daze.

"A friend of mine. A friend to whom I haven't talked in months," she sighed.

"Why not?"

"You remember when I went to visit my parents a few months ago and things didn't went that well?"

"Yes, I do. How can I forget that?"

"So, yeah. My parents sort of made a scene and I was an emotional mess and I sort of cut myself away from everyone. No one knew where I was or anything," she completed, suddenly feeling tears well up in her eyes.

"But it's been six or seven months since the incident."

"I know," she sighed, burying her face in his chest.

He immediately wrapped an arm around her waist, holding her close.

"Luke will kill me," she muttered, shuddering at the thought of contacting him after six months.

"The friend's a guy?" Ethan asked, staring at her.

"Er.. yes. Why?" She asked, unsurely.

"No reason."

For some reason, Ethan felt a funny jolt in his stomach on knowing that her friend was a guy.

"I should probably call him," Amelia muttered, wiggling out of his grip.

"Yeah sure," he replied as he watched her walk out the door.

Amelia stared at the single text she'd sent, telling Luke it was her, waiting for him to see it.

The second the words 'seen' appeared underneath the text, her phone rang.

She blew a breath before picking up the phone.

"It's really you?" Luke's familiar voice rang through the phone and a smile appeared on her face.

"Hey Luke," she said, grinning at no one in particular.

"I.., God, I hate you so much. You call after months and you're talking to me like nothing happened," he shouted and Amelia could almost see him scrunching up his face in anger.

"I'm sorry," she muttered.

"Amelia Harold, I want to kill you right now," he said and she heard the relief in his voice.

"I just- Luke, I just needed space."

"I know," he sighed, "and I would've never forced you to talk to me. You know that, right?"

"I do."

"But Am, just a single text. Just to let us know that you were safe and fine. We were worried sick. I contacted every friend of yours I could think of. No one knew anything. It was like you vanished off the face of earth."

Amelia listened to him talk, knowing that everything he was saying was right.

"I miss you and I'm so sorry," she mumbled, her voice heavy with emotion.

"I missed you too," he said softly, the anger vanishing immediately.

That was something she loved about Luke.

"How's life going on? How's everyone?" She asked.

"Life's going pretty great. I have so much to tell you," he said, excitement lacing his words.

"Me too," Amelia laughed.

"Hey, you think we can meet?" She asked.

"Yeah, I think we can. There's a club not too far from here. I'll send you the location and you tell me if you can make it."

"Okay sure," she grinned, her jaw hurting from all the smiling.

A/N: Jealousy trope coming soon ;)

Suggest me a name for this chapter, people. I'm so lost lmao.

28| A sweet disruption

"Hello Ma'am. How can I help you?" The lady on the front desk asked with a smile that looked forced.

Amelia felt bad for her. The job must be so boring. Having to smile at strangers and pretend like you care when you don't give two shits.

"I'm here to see Mr. Ethan Williams," Amelia said with a smile of her own.

"Can I get your name, please?"

"Amelia. Amelia Harold," she said, clinking her nails against the polished desk.

Her eyes took in the vast area of the office building. The walls were painted a gorgeous shade of blue with black sofas on one side which contrasted beautifully with the walls.

A water dispenser stood next to the shelf covered with magazines and on the left corner was an elevator, bustling with people.

"You can see him now," the woman said, snapping Amelia's attention back to her.

"It's the second door on the third floor."

"Thank you," Amelia grinned as she made her way to the elevator, her nude heels clicking against the floor.

The doors slid apart and Amelia squeezed herself among the mass of people.

The doors opened on the third floor and Amelia breathed a sigh of relief.

She made her way towards the second door and knocked lightly before twisting the knob and stepping inside.

"Hey," she greeted with the biggest smile as she found him waiting for her.

"Hey," he asked with a grin matching hers as he got up from his desk and walked towards her.

"What are you doing here?"

His eyes took in her appearance. She looked beautiful dressed in a beige dress that stopped above her knees paired with nude heels, her hair falling on her shoulders in soft curls.

He captured her lips in a soft kiss, his hands cupping her cheek.

"You look beautiful," he whispered in her ear and Amelia felt herself getting hot.

It was the first time he'd ever said that to her.

"Thank you," she grinned, hooking her arms around his neck.

"I was bored at home so I thought I'll come to see you," she said with a shrug.

"I'd love to entertain you," he said with a mischievous glint in his eyes, "but after I attend this meeting due in five minutes."

Amelia groaned, resting her forehead against his, breathing in his intoxicating smell.

Amelia's eyes took in the intricate design of the office. The huge window behind Ethan's desk gave an amazing view of the world outside.

A wooden bookshelf lined one corner of the door, filled with fascinating books from well-known authors.

"I promise I'll be done in ten minutes. You can wait downstairs," he said, pecking her forehead.

The seemingly small action made Amelia's heart flutter and her lips stretched into a smile.

"Are you having this meeting here?" Amelia asked, her eyes lightening up mischievously.

"Yes, why?"

"I think I'll stay here," she grinned and they were disturbed by a knock on the door.

"Am, what-?"

He paused mid sentence as Amelia locked her eyes on Ethan and made her way towards his desk. She slipped underneath it with a sly smirk on her face.

Ethan's eyes widened momentarily and he gaped at his girlfriend, who was now successfully hiding under his table.

Girlfriend! The word sounded weird even in his head but he was so fucking grateful for her every single day.

A smile graced his lips as he decided to play along with her antics.

He walked towards the door and pulled it open, knowing that he wouldn't be able to pay any attention to this meeting.

He greeted the three other guys and welcomed them inside.

He watched as they took their seats in front of his desk and he took his time, slowly walking towards his seat and settling in.

Amelia squeezed herself in the little space, her head bumping against the hardwood.

The little compartment gave her excess to only the person sitting in front of the desk, which was Ethan, and blocked her from the other people sitting around the table.

She rested her back against the wood, trying to make herself as comfortable as possible, her mouth stretched in an evil grin.

She waited patiently as his seat scraped against the floor and he settled down.

The height of the desk gave her the perfect opportunity to do what she wanted to do without anyone noticing.

Excitement coursed through her, making her heart beat faster as she scooted closer to Ethan and ran her hands along his thighs.

She felt his body tense against her palms and she grinned to herself, enjoying every second of it.

She pressed her palm against the bulge in his pants and a shiver of excitement ran down her spine on feeling how hard he was.

She wrapped her fingers against the cold metal of his belt as she unbuckled it, the chatter in the room covering the soft clatter of metal.

Ethan felt his heartbeat getting fast as Amelia dragged his pant down with hurried motions.

This girl was going to be the death of him and he was ready to gladly embrace it.

He thrusted his hips upwards ever so slightly, making it easier for her to pull his pants and boxers down.

He felt his mind cloud with lust as he felt her small palm curl around his hardened cock.

He covered his mouth with his palm to stop himself from making any sudden noises as he tried to concentrate on what his team members were saying.

He felt his senses slip away as she swirled her tongue over his tip, teasing him.

Ethan immediately pulled out his phone and left it on voice recorder, placing it on the table so that he could repeat this meeting whenever he wanted to.

Right now, he focused his attention on the woman under his table.

He allowed his mind to drift away, his senses going wild as he started to enjoy the sweet torture his girlfriend was inflicting on him.

It was hard to keep his mouth shut when he felt her hot mouth take his throbbing cock in.

He pretended to look interested in the conversation flowing around the room but was failing miserably.

With his one hand still on the table, he dropped his other hand under the table and yanked on Amelia's hair harshly.

His cock hit the back of her throat and she gagged, the sound like music to Ethan's ears.

He held her hair in his fist, yanking on it occasionally, making her whimper.

Amelia's eyes watered as she took him all in, her hands massaging his balls.

She could feel his heavy breathing resonating through her, could see his chest heave up and down as he tried his best to hold back his orgasm.

The mere thought of what Ethan would do to her after the meeting was over was enough to make her release a soft moan.

She continued to suck him, her saliva coating his dick. She could feel him close to his release as his cock got rock hard but she didn't stop.

Ethan yanked on her hair once again, making her scalp sear with pain.

"It was a pleasure having you guys here," Ethan said, his voice cracking ever so slightly.

There was a murmur of appreciation and then they were leaving.

Amelia could feel her heart beating in every part of her body, in her ears, her legs, and her pussy.

She continued to suck him until she heard the tell-tale closing of the door.

Ethan pulled on her hair so hard that she felt it ripping apart and she let go of his cock.

"Keep sucking," he ordered, his eyes dark with lust, the dominating tone making her unimaginably wet.

She grinned and wrapped her mouth around him once again, continuing from where she left.

"Fuck," he groaned, releasing a string of obscenities in the air.

"Swallow it all, baby," he said huskily as he tilted her chin upward with his forefinger and thumb, making her look him in the eye. He kept his grip on her chin, squeezing it painfully hard.

She nodded weakly, her eyes fixed on him as he came undone with another stroke of her tongue.

She did as asked, swallowing his hot liquid quickly.

She pulled back, her breathing hoarse and her eyes dark.

Ethan felt his heart jump out of his chest at the sight. She looked so hot with her flushed cheeks and his cum dripping down her lip.

"Stand up and strip," he ordered, and she immediately stood on wobbly legs.

He watched her slip out of the dress as a smirk made its way on his lips.

She had no idea the things he was going to do to her.

A/N: Extra-long chapter and another chappy coming soon. They're not done with the office sex ;)

Quick question: Who do you imagine the cast of HTL as?

29| Crazy, wild and amazing.

Ethan watched with satisfaction as Amelia's fearful eyes flicked towards the door.

She opened her mouth to ask him to lock the door but Ethan didn't allow her to utter a single word.

He snapped his fingers in front of her.

"Don't make me repeat myself, Amelia," he said and she nodded weakly.

She looked afraid but the glow on her face and her dark eyes told him that she was enjoying this as much as he was.

She unzipped her dress with shaky fingers and let it fall on the floor in a heap.

Ethan stood up from his seat, fully dressed, as he started circling her as a predator does to its prey.

He watched as she unhooked her bra, exposing herself to him. His hands ached to touch her but he stopped himself.

He would make her beg to be touched.

She pushed her thumb on either side of her panty and pulled it down her legs, throwing it at the bundle of clothes.

Ethan stopped in front of her, taking in all her features.

The stretch marks on her stomach, the unnoticeable amount of freckles littered all over her body.

She was perfect.

He wanted to bend her over the table and fuck her raw but stopped himself.

"You're so wet, baby," he said in her ear and a shiver ran down her spine.

She looked over her shoulder once again to make sure no one was entering his office.

The fear coursing through her turned her on. She wanted to beg Ethan to do something. Touch her. Kiss her.

But she kept her mouth shut, knowing that it'd only make him torture her more.

Ethan took a seat in front of her once again and looked at her with calculating eyes.

"Get over my knees," he ordered and Amelia's eyes widened.

Taken aback by the order, she blinked twice and did as asked, bending over his knees, her ass in the air for him to spank.

And that he did.

A sharp gasp escaped her lips as his hand came in contact with her skin.

His other hand fisted her hair, yanking it back harshly so that her face was right beside his mouth.

"You like it, don't you?" He questioned, landing another slap on her ass.

She whimpered, nodding her head in reply to his question.

"Use your words, Amelia," he said sharply, yanking on her hair.

But her mind was so clouded that she wasn't able to make coherent words.

"Yes....yes, I like it," she moaned out as his hand came in contact with her ass once again.

The skin was now burning slightly because of his continuous assault. He didn't allow the sore area to heal as he continued to strike on the same spot over and over again.

"You're such a dirty little whore," he said through gritted teeth.

Degradation was something they'd discussed and he remembered her saying how much it turned her on.

"You're my dirty little whore," he corrected himself and Amelia moaned in response.

She closed her eyes, letting his words sink in as she gripped his thigh tightly, her nails digging in his skin.

She tried to touch herself, but his grip on her was too tight. She squirmed underneath him, trying to create some friction against her throbbing pussy.

"Stay still," he ordered, slapping her ass.

"Ethan, please," she moaned, not even realizing that her face was tear-streaked.

"Please, what?"

"Fuck me, please. Fuck me like the slut I am," she said, her voice hoarse with all the moaning and screaming.

"Of course, love," he muttered as he pulled her up with him.

She stumbled, holding on to his arm for support.

He pushed her against the table and pushed her head down until it was resting against the cold surface, giving him a perfect view of her entrance.

He pushed two fingers inside her, her wetness allowing him to slip inside without trouble.

She screamed at the sudden intrusion as he continued to pump into her. He thrusted another finger while his other hand circled her clit.

She came with a glorious scream that made his cock strain against his pants.

He allowed her to catch her breath as she turned around to face him. He looked handsome with his sleeves buttoned-up, giving her a view of his muscular arms, his forehead covered with sweat.

She felt so vulnerable standing naked in front of him while he was fully clothed. It exhilarated her.

"Suck," he ordered, thrusting his fingers in her mouth. She did, tasting her cum on him.

She wiped him clean, sucking on the pad of his fingers.

He groaned, yanking them out of her mouth.

Ethan unzipped his pants and dragged them down, allowing his cock to spring free.

He thrusted into her in one swift motion, earning a melodious scream from her.

He didn't allow her walls to adjust to his size as he kept thrusting into her painfully.

"Fuck, Am," he groaned in her ear as she thrusted her hips, moving along with his rhythm.

She came all over him, coating his dick in her cum. He let himself go too, his orgasm leaving him shaken.

Amelia lost count of how many times he bought her to an orgasm, in every position possible. She lost count of how much time they'd spent in the office.

She sat on Ethan's lap, extremely tired and spent to even move a muscle as she slowly got down from her orgasmic high.

She was completely naked while Ethan only had his shirt off. She rested her forehead against his, running her hand over his toned muscles.

"You want to go grab lunch?" He asked softly.

"I do but I'm too tired to walk," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I'm sorry."

Amelia pulled back, her blue eyes boring into his dark ones.

"I loved every second of it," she said truthfully, drawing soothing circles on his cheek with her thumb.

He smirked, his eyes lightening up. Amelia rolled her eyes at the cockiness visible on his face.

"I guessed that much from all the moaning and screaming," he teased.

"Shut up, Ethan," she groaned, smacking his chest as a blush crept on her cheeks.

"Come on," he laughed, the voice sending tingles down her body and she knew that she'd never get tired of hearing him laugh.

He pulled her up and helped her clean up, helping her put her dress on. He cleaned the run-down make-up off her face with a wet

tissue and pulled on his shirt.

She leaned against him for support and he wrapped his arm around her waist.

The moment they stepped out, all eyes were on them.

"Everyone's looking," she whispered to Ethan.

"Yeah, you weren't particularly quiet inside," he said with a humorous glint in his eyes.

"Oh my god," she groaned, hiding her face in the crook of his neck.

"Doesn't it bother you?" She asked and he shook his head without a second's hesitation.

"No, not really."

"Seems like I won't be stepping in this building ever again," she pouted.

"Are you sure about that?" He questioned with a teasing smirk on his face.

She smacked his arm once again as they continued their useless bickering.

She had fallen deeply in love with Ethan Williams and for the first time in her life, the thought of falling for someone didn't scare her.

It made her happy. It made butterflies erupt in her stomach.

Because she knew Ethan would always be there to catch her. No matter what.

30| It's the little things

"No way," Amelia giggled as she held the phone to her ear.

"Yes, way. It was so funny. You should have seen her face," Luke laughed.

"Oh and there's another thing I want to tell you," he continued, sounding a bit hesitant.

"Go on," Amelia urged.

"I proposed to Laura. We're getting married."

"Oh my God!" Amelia squealed, jumping down from her bed.

"Oh my God! Are you serious? That's fucking great. I'm so happy for you."

Her best friend, the guy she'd known for years was finally marrying the love of his life.

"You finally found the guts to propose, huh?" She teased, her voice light with happiness as she plopped back on her bed.

"Yeah I did and it was damn great," he said with a soft chuckle.

Amelia giggled softly, a big grin still on her face.

"I wish you were there."

"I wish so too," she replied with a heavy sigh.

She wanted to be there but she was sure she couldn't face her parents ever again.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a soft knock on the door as it creaked open and Ethan stood in the doorway.

He looked extra handsome in his work clothes with the tie loosely hanging around his neck and his sleeves rolled up, exposing his toned arms.

"Hey, Am, I'll talk to you later. I have some work to catch up to," Luke said through the phone.

"Hi," Amelia mouthed, a grin on her face.

"You busy?" Ethan asked quietly, pointing to her phone and she shook her head in a 'no'.

"Okay but I want all the details once you're free. All of them," she said to Luke.

"Yeah sure," he laughed, "Love you. Bye."

"Love you too," she muttered before hanging up.

Ethan was standing in front of her with a peculiar look on his face. The softness from earlier was gone and his features were hard.

"You came back early?" Amelia asked, looking at the clock.

"Yeah, I did. Who were you talking to?" He asked, his tone demanding and rough.

"The friend I told you about," Amelia said unsurely with a frown on her face.

"You just said I love you to him." It was more a statement than a question.

"I- It's nothing like that, Ethan. He's been my friend since forever."

He held her gaze, his look calculating and serious.

"Right," he muttered, turning around to leave.

"Wait, stop," Amelia said, holding onto his forearm to stop him.

"Are you jealous?" She asked, understanding the sudden change in his tone and her lips stretched into a mischievously playful grin.

But Ethan didn't find it hilarious at all. He stood stiffly, scrutinizing her under his sharp gaze.

"Ethan, he's just a friend, I promise. Nothing more." Amelia said, suddenly feeling very hot.

Everything happened so fast that Amelia didn't get the time to comprehend.

But she found herself pinned against the door, her back to him.

She felt his fingers in her hair, softly caressing them before he yanked on them harshly. Amelia let out a sharp gasp.

Her breath hitched as he leaned forward, his breath tickling her neck.

"It better not be."

"I'm very possessive of what's mine," he said, his voice calm but it send shivers down her spine.

If it were someone else, she'd told him that she wasn't a property to be owned but the way Ethan said it, she couldn't help but feel weirdly special.

"I'm yours, babe. Only yours," she managed to say as he tilted her neck and found her sweet spot.

"Say it again," he muttered against her neck, his breath fanning her skin.

"I'm yours, Ethan."

His hands fumbled with the band of her pajamas and he slid them down, his fingers finding her cilt.

Amelia moaned as he started fingering her, his fingers sliding in and out of her wet entrance easily.

He pushed three fingers inside her and Amelia screamed, her pussy walls clenching around him.

"Ethan," she moaned out, trying to find something to hold onto.

"Don't you dare come until I tell you to," he whispered and she nodded weakly.

"Use your words, baby."

"Yes, sir."

"Fuck," he groaned, his speed increasing as he yanked on her hair once again.

"You're mine. Don't you dare forget that, you little slut."

Amelia moaned in repsonse as he continued his assault.

His touch was like fire, burning everywhere it went but she was hungry for it.

Amelia moaned, her screams getting louder as he denied her tge orgasm that was threatening to burst.

"Ethan, please," she begged, her voice hoarse.

"Please, let me cum."

"Okay," he muttered, bitting her neck, leaving a purple bruise.

And she let herself go, the orgasm rocking her body, sending waves of pleasure to every part of her.

_____

Amelia snuggled close to Ethan, her face buried in the crook of his neck. They had finally laid down after hours of wild sex, exhausted but satisfied.

If only Amelia knew Ethan's jealousy was this hot, she would have found ways to make him jealous sooner.

"I wanted to talk to you," he said as he continued to stroke her hair.

"Is everything okay?" She asked, looking up.

"Yeah, everything's fine but I'll be leaving town for a while."

"What? Leaving town? Why?" Amelia asked, her voice coming out an octave higher.

"Chill baby, it's only for a week. I have to complete some important business stuff," he said, chuckling at her expression.

"When are you leaving?" She asked, not sure how to feel about this sudden news.

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" She exclaimed, definitely not liking the news.

"I know it's very sudden but I only found out about this today," he said, kissing her on the forehead.

"I'll be so bored without you," she pouted, snuggling close to him and he laughed in response.

"I'd really like a break from all the work. You know, go on a vacation and have some fun," he sighed and she saw the heaviness in his eyes.

The workload was really getting to him. He rubbed his temples as he blew a frustrated breath.

"We can go, you know. Once you come back from your trip," Amelia said, wishing there was anything else she could do to make him feel better.

"Sure," he said, his smile a little sleepy.

"You should sleep, Ethan. You look horrible," she joked.

"Are you sure about that?" He asked with a cocky smirk.

She rolled her eyes with a playful grin on her face.

"Oh, I've got something for you," Ethan said suddenly as he fished for something in his pocket.

He pulled out a small wooden box covered with black silk.

"What is this for?" She asked as she took the box from him and ran her fingers over the soft fabric.

"I realized I never gave you a present so I bought this for you."

"You didn't have to. You'd already given me everything I could have wished for," she answered, deeply touched by this sweet gesture.

She opened the box to reveal a silver chain with a little star dangling from one end, embedded with pearls around its edges.

"It's beautiful," she said in awe, not able to take her eyes off the pendant.

"Put it on me," she asked Ethan, handing him the locket as she pulled her hair aside.

He let it fall around her neck, securing it at the back so it doesn't fall off as he kissed her neck.

"Thank you so much. I love it," Amelia said, kissing him.

"Who would've thought you'd be this thoughtful," Amelia joked, resting her head on his shoulder.

"I really was an asshole to you before," He said, shaking his head at himself.

"You were. But you made it up to me so it's all good," she answered.

He chuckled, holding her close to him, wishing that time would stop so that he could savor this moment.

It was crazy how much he was in love with her but every time he thought of saying those three damned words to her, he'd get all tongue-tied.

"You know, we haven't been on a real date either," he stated, silently cursing himself for failing yet again.

"Wow! We really haven't," Amelia agreed.

"So, how about I take you out for dinner once I come back from the trip?" He asked.

"Done," Amelia giggled, kissing him softly but he deepened the kiss, pushing her onto the bed. She was more than ready for whatever he had in mind for her.

A/N: Don't kill me please ;-; I know it's been ages since I updated but I wasn't able to write a single FREAKING word.

And I said that a jealousy trope was coming soon but then I

decided against it because I felt like I'd be stretching the book for no reason.

I love you all so much. Thanks for sticking with me through this all. I'm really very grateful to all my readers.

HAPPY 2OK+ reads ❤❤

31| Friend or foe?

Amelia squeezed her way through the sweaty crowd as she tried to find a place to sit.

Even though the bar was full of people dancing to the loud music, the only thought in her head was Ethan.

She couldn't enjoy the night because he wouldn't leave her mind. It had been four days since he'd left and Amelia was already missing him like crazy.

She captured a video of the people dancing on the dance floor and send it to Ethan, impatiently waiting for his reply.

He replied with a photo of him with a silly expression on his face, with an uncountable amount of binders and files scattered around him.

"I wish I were there," he texted.

"You'd hate it at this club. There are too many people," Amelia texted back, knowing how much he hated being among random strangers.

"Yeah but if I were there, you wouldn't be at a club," he texted and Amelia rolled her eyes.

"I miss you," she texted.

"I miss you too, babe. Now go and have some fun but stay away from flirty men."

"Yeah yeah, sure," she typed, rolling her eyes.

She put the phone back in her purse as she got up and weaved her way through the crowd, making her way towards the bar.

She remembered the last time she was at a party, things went pretty bad.

She clenched her fist, trying not to focus on that particular memory.

The bartender placed a drink in front of her and she thanked him quietly before taking a sip from the glass.

She was interrupted by a soft tap on her shoulder and she turned around to see a tall man towering over her.

He had a kind smile on his face accentuated by a light stubble.

She was sure she'd seen this guy before. But she couldn't remember where.

"Is this seat taken?" He asked, his voice deep as he motioned to the seat next to Amelia.

"Umm..no, it's not," she said, passing him a restricted smile.

"I'm Noah," he introduced as he sat down beside her and ordered a drink.

"Have I seen you before?" Amelia asked unsurely.

"I'm sure you have," he smiled, taking a sip from his drink.

Amelia frowned at him, trying to remember where she could have met this guy before.

"Don't stress yourself too much," he chuckled, shaking his head.

"I'm Ethan's brother," he introduced and Amelia's jaw dropped.

"Wait, I met you at my old apartment, didn't I?" She questioned, suddenly remembering how shady he had looked that time.

And he wasn't looking any less shady right now.

Amelia knew Ethan had a brother but why was his brother following her?

"I'm guessing Ethan didn't tell you about me," he asked.

"He did but why are you here?" She asked, ready to punch him if he tried doing anything.

"Oh, I was here and I saw you so I thought I'd have a chat," he stated with a smile on his face.

"Right," Amelia muttered, shifting uncomfortably in her seat.

"Ethan hasn't told you everything about himself, has he?" Noah asked, a curious expression on his face.

"What do you mean?" Amelia asked, frowning at him.

"Do you know anything about his family? About how he got where he is right now?"

"I...I guess. His parents are dead," she said unsurely.

"They are but do you know how they died?" He asked with a raised eyebrow.

Amelia stared at him with wide eyes as she tried to comprehend his words.

A part of her told her to get as far away from this guy as possible.

"No, and why are you telling me that. I don't want to know," she said slowly, ordering another drink.

"I think you should know because he's dangerous."

"What do you mean?"

"He's the reason my parents are dead. He's the one who killed them and now he has built this completely different life for himself where he can pretend that everything's okay."

Amelia was too stunned to form coherent words. Noah can't be serious. He can't be. And she would be crazy to believe a complete stranger.

"You're crazy. I don't even know you and you're here talking shit about my boyfriend," she said, keeping her voice low.

She gulped down her drink and got up to leave.

"I don't expect you to believe me but ask him the truth. You'll be shocked at how much someone can hide," he said.

He looked so calm and it unnerved Amelia.

He can't be serious.

She scoffed at him, shaking her head as she stepped among the dancing crowd, leaving Noah behind.

She knew something was wrong with Ethan because of all the guards he had and the guns hidden in his drawers but murder?

It was insane to even think about it. Yet, Amelia couldn't shake the thought off.

She made her way out of the club, suddenly finding the horde of people too suffocating.

The cold air bit her skin as she let the door close behind her. She shivered slightly but it wasn't because of the cold.

She leaned against the wall, her mind a mess as she tried to process the new information about her boyfriend.

She didn't want to believe Noah but something about the way he said everything, with so much confidence and certainty, made her question the truth.

What would she do if everything Noah said was actually true?

She knew she will have to ask Ethan but asking him directly had never worked before.

Her phone vibrating in her hand broke her train of thoughts and she looked down to see Ethan's name on the screen.

Her heart sped as she stared at the screen. She wasn't sure if she could talk to Ethan right now and appear okay when she was feeling anything but.

Her hand hovered over the screen and she bit her lip before declining the call.

She sighed, her head spinning with a million thoughts.

Please, don't let Noah be true.

She didn't know what she'd do if he was right.

32| Confrontation

Amelia pulled out her headphones when she saw Liv standing at her door.

"I knocked," she said sheepishly and Amelia chuckled, calling her inside.

"I didn't hear you. Is everything okay?" Amelia asked as she placed her laptop at the side table, making space for Liv.

"I was about to ask you the same thing," Liv stated, looking at her with a scrutinizing gaze.

"What do you mean?" She asked, her brows furrowed in confusion.

"Ethan called. He said you haven't been responding to his calls. Is everything okay?" she said and a soft sigh escaped Amelia's lips.

"Everything's fine. I was just very busy," she lied, not sure if she should share her thoughts with Liv.

She knew Liv probably knew everything about Ethan's past but she didn't know if she'd get any answers out of her.

Liv's soft, motherly gaze locked at her face as if she was reading her mind. It gave Amelia a sense of comfort, something her own mother wasn't able to provide to her.

It was at times like these that she realized why Ethan loved her so much.

Liv smiled although she knew Amelia was lying. But she didn't wanted to push her.

She got up to leave but Amelia's voice stopped her.

"Liv, wait.." she said and as if a mask falling off her face, the nonchalant look was gone, replaced with a distressed one.

"There's something I want to ask you," she continued, the worried lines making her look older.

"Go on," Liv urged, her tone soft and soothing.

"I want to know about Ethan. His past, about his parents, about Noah, everything."

Amelia watched as the color vanished from her face, leaving it as pale as a ghost.

"How do you know about Noah? Did Ethan tell you?" She asked, her voice tainted with worry.

"I- I met him. Yesterday."

"What did he say? Did he do something?" She asked, her brown

eyes frantic as she searched Amelia's face for answers.

"No, Liv, are you okay? He didn't do anything," Amelia said, holding onto her shoulders to calm her down.

"You need to tell this to Ethan."

"No," the defiance in her voice shocked her, "not yet."

Liv sighed heavily, recalling the same kind of conversation she had with Ethan.

If only they could sit and talk. Liv thought.

"Are you going to tell me or not?" Amelia asked, snapping her out of her thoughts.

"I wish I could but it's not my secret to out," she said softly and Amelia held back a disappointed groan.

She knew Liv wouldn't say anything.

"But I can tell you this, Ethan's a nice boy. He may look scary and intimidating at times but he's got a good heart. And don't let Noah's words get to your head."

Amelia stared at her, a thousand new questions bubbling in her head, mixing with the previously unanswered ones that didn't let her sleep at night.

Liv stopped at the door, her hand on the handle as she turned around.

"Oh and call him if you can, he's worried sick about you."

。☆✲★□□□□□□ - □□□□□□★✲☆。

Amelia woke up to the alarm blaring next to her ear. She groaned, burying herself in the covers in hopes of drowning out the sound but to no avail.

She groped for her phone and squinted at the bright screen. Her heart jumped as her eyes landed on the date.

Ethan's flight.

She was excited about this day, thinking that she'd surprise him by going to pick him up at the airport.

But that was before the whole Noah ordeal.

Now, she wasn't so sure.

She rubbed her eyes to get rid of the last remnants of sleep that stuck to her lids.

She padded her way towards the bathroom, standing in front of the mirror, surveying herself.

She tried to tell herself that Ethan returning wasn't that big of a deal but the lies were too much.

She rubbed her temples, feeling a painful thrumming overwhelm her senses.

She splashed cold water on her face, trying to figure out what she wanted.

In the end, her excitement for Ethan's return was much greater

than the doubts in her head.

She pushed them aside for the time being as she jumped in the shower and got ready as fast as possible.

Ten minutes later, the driver pulled up in front of the large airport building and she got out, making her way through the crowd.

She spotted him from a good distance away.

He looked godly.

Maybe it was because she hasn't seen him for so long but Amelia doubted it. He always looked this good.

He was trying something on his phone, probably calling for his driver which gave Amelia time to study his every feature.

His hair fell lazily on his forehead and the sleeves of his dress were rolled up, revealing perfectly sculptured arms.

His shirt hugged him in all the right places, attracting swooning looks and giggles from the girls around him. He had a frustrated scowl on his face.

He lifted his head, taking in his surrounding before he caught her eye.

His lips stretched into a lopsided grin, the one she loved so much, his face lighting up with happiness.

With long strides, he made his way towards her and swept her off her feet.

Amelia giggled as he held her waist, her feet a meter above the ground before he pressed his lips to hers.

She hooked her arms around his neck, pushing her body closer to his as she ran her hand through his hair.

She moaned softly as he bit on her lower lip, asking for entrance.

As if waking up from a blissful dream, Noah's words resonated in her head, his voice ringing in her head, destroying her moment with Ethan.

She pulled away, gasping for breath.

"I missed you so much," Ethan said, enveloping her in a hug.

It was uncanny, Ethan expressing this much emotion but it wasn't unappreciated.

"I missed you too," she confessed, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Are you okay?" He asked, noticing the hesitation in her actions as they made their way out of the airport to the car waiting for them.

"Do you know anyone named Noah?" She asked, her eyes trained on his face.

Was he going to lie?

She watched as his face paled, just like Liv's had before it was

replaced with worry.

"Why are you asking this? Did you meet Noah?"

"You haven't answered my question. Who's Noah?"

"I feel like you already know the answer to that," he said, his sharp gaze piercing through her very soul.

She kept quiet, choosing to get in the car instead of answering him.

He grabbed her wrist, forcing her to turn around and face him. His eyes were much darker than usual, reminding her of the night when he had saved her from a pervert at a party.

"What did he say?" He repeated his question but this time his voice wasn't soft or caring. It was cold and demanding and it made Amelia weak in the knees.

"It doesn't matter. What matters is why haven't you been honest with me?" She asked, thankful for the car against her back, or else her knees would have given out due to the intensity of his gaze.

"Because I was afraid you wouldn't ever look at me the same way again if you knew the truth."

"You don't lie to people you care about. No matter how hard the truth can be," she said, her voice wavering.

"I want to know the truth. I want to know everything that makes you you, Ethan."

A/N: Yes, this book is coming to an end and no, I'm not okay.

33| A dark past

It was an awkwardly quiet ride.

Ethan could hear Amelia's heart thump against her chest if he concentrated hard enough.

It was a peaceful sound. It reminded him of all the times she would wrap her arms around his neck and hug him tight.

All he wanted to do was hold her but he was afraid she'd push him away.

He cursed himself for not telling her how he felt. Maybe it was too late now.

The car halted in front of the familiar gate of the house and he got out, Amelia a few steps ahead of him.

He closed the main door behind him before he grabbed her wrist and yanked her towards him.

She stumbled on his chest, a groan of pain escaping her lips as she stared at him with wide, questioning eyes.

His grip was tight, tight enough to leave bruises on her wrist.

He pulled her after him, ignoring the whimpers.

He climbed the staircase, Amelia unwillingly following behind, and entered his room before locking the door behind him.

"What are you doing?" She asked, her voice a whisper, her eyes lingering on the locked knob of the door with the slightest of doubts.

Ethan looked terrifying. He had a far-off look on his face, his eyes swirling with the demons that had been stowed away for years.

But Amelia had awakened them and she was afraid she was going to be the target of their wrath.

Ethan took a step towards her and she backed away, her legs hitting the wooden frame of the bed.

"You want to know everything about me? Fine. But I'm afraid it's not going to be an enjoyable story."

"Let me be the judge of that."

He sighed, his fingers running through his dark hair. Something he did when he was stressed.

He sat down on the edge of the mattress and she followed suit, setting herself down on the other corner of the bed.

"My dad was one of the most fucked up humans. Jacob Fernandez."

"We had a pretty ordinary life. We didn't have the most luxurious life but we were happy."

"But then he lost his job because of a fight with his boss. He tried to find a new job but didn't last anywhere. The situation only got worse."

"He got into drugs and all the shitty things anyone could imagine. My mom tried to help him but he ignored her. He got abusive. Started hurting her."

"We were ten, Noah and I, and we used to cover our ears with pillows to drown out her screams."

"We were only ten. We couldn't do anything to help her."

A choked sob and a sniffle broke the silence around them. He clenched his fist, keeping his eyes downcast, not able to meet her gaze.

He knew what he'd find if he looked. Tears, pity, and maybe even disgust. So instead, he continued with his story.

"The situation got worse until we had to start selling things to survive. In all that, Jacob got an offer from an old friend of his. An offer to join his team for some 'unknown tasks'."

He scoffed at this, the images flashing in his head like it was yesterday. It was revolting.

He wanted nothing more than to run and hide somewhere but he forced himself to sit still and continue.

"My mom tried to stop him. She knew it won't be any good but he didn't listen to her. He signed the deal and everything went to shit."

"It was horrible, all the things he did. And he used to brag about it at dinner or whenever we were together."

"He enjoyed killing and torturing people. He fucking enjoyed it."

He could almost see his face, the twisted grin, and the cold look in his eyes.

"I knew I had lost my father but mom still had hope. She tried to talk some sense into him but it was no good."

Ethan wanted to stop but words kept spilling out of his mouth, having been buried inside him for too long.

He hated remembering about the part of his life he worked so hard to leave behind but at the same time, it felt like a weight lifting off his shoulders.

He wouldn't have to hide his past from Amelia anymore, that is if she decided to stay with him.

"He started doing this thing where he'd take Noah and me to an abandoned building and make us watch while he tortured people."

"Mom had enough. She was sitting in our room one day and Jacob came, trying to take us to the fucking building again but mom stood in front of us. She told him to leave us alone."

"She had a knife with her and she tried to defend us but things got messy and he stabbed her. We begged him to call an ambulance but he didn't listen."

"Liv rushed in. She tried to stop the bleeding but she couldn't do much. We sat next to her as she took her last breaths, whispering words of comfort to us even though she was in so much pain."

A tear finally fell down his face, his voice catching up in his throat. He looked up, seeing Amelia's tear-stained face and her hands covering her mouth.

She stayed as still as a statue as if his words had stolen the soul from her body.

"I vaguely remember Jacob coming in with some men, who took mom's body and Noah from there. I sat with Liv, crying until I fell asleep."

"When Noah came back, he was acting weird. He said he wasn't upset that mom was gone and he said that maybe Jacob was right. I couldn't understand what that monster was doing with my brother but whatever it was, it was working."

"While Liv sat with Noah, trying to talk some sense in him, I sneaked into Jacob's room and I took out his gun. I was twelve, wielding a deathly weapon that I had no idea how to use."

"But I was so angry, I just wanted to kill him. Two nights later, Liv caught me with the gun. She somehow talked me out of using it on Jacob. She made life a bit better after mom left."

"A few weeks after mom's death, we were having dinner when suddenly Jacob fell to the ground, shaking uncontrollably. We called the doctors and they said his food was poisoned. It was too late. They couldn't save him and it was the happiest day of my life."

"Us being the only rightful owner of his properties, we suddenly had a lot of money on our hands. It was the perfect new start I could have wished for but Noah started blaming me for poisoning Jacob. As much as I wanted that, I didn't kill him."

"Liv and I managed to keep him quiet because it would have been a huge problem for me. Liv took us in, gave us a place to call home."

"I took my mom's maiden name after Jacob died. I worked my ass off to leave that twisted, fucked up life behind. I made a new name for myself, a new identity."

"But I realize now, you can never run away from your past. No matter how fast you run, it'll always catch up to you."

He paused, allowing himself to collect his emotions.

"I never wanted to bring you into my mess. But you were the only good thing that had happened to me in such a long time and I didn't want to lose you either."

"And now that I think about it, maybe I was very selfish, acting the way I did, putting you in danger."

He readied himself to say his next words before his heart betrayed his mind.

"I won't stop you if you decided to leave."

34| Those three damned words

A suffocating silence slithered between them, the air thick with Ethan's words and the promise they held, gnawing at Amelia's heart.

She sniffled, wiping the tears off her face.

It was too much to take in.

She felt suffocated like the room was closing in on her.

She'd spent almost a year with the man that now sat in front of her, his secrets spilled for her sake, leaving him the most vulnerable Amelia had ever seen him.

She had spent so much time with him but she'd failed to notice the scars he carried with him. The horrors that plagued his night, the reason he avoided sleeping with anyone. She'd never stopped to ask if he was okay.

He appeared so closed off from everyone, so hard to love but she'd never dared to ask why.

She wanted to reach out and touch him, to tell him that she was right here but her body betrayed her, not listening to her commands, frozen in place like a stone-cold statue.

She didn't meet his eyes but she heard the faint rustle of footsteps, indicating that he'd left his spot. She heard the tell-tale twisting of the doorknob.

She wanted to scream, to tell him to stop but her voice seemed to have lodged itself in her larynx, refusing to get out.

She didn't want to leave but what did staying with Ethan meant? Risking her life? Living in constant fear of his safety?

She felt selfish just thinking about herself when Ethan was hurting but she still wasn't able to swallow past the fact that someone was using her to threaten Ethan.

Her stomach twisted in a knot, making her nauseated. He had opened his heart in front of her and how had she reacted? She let him walk away. She didn't even mutter a few words of comfort.

She finally forced herself to look up. His room was dark, the curtains stopping any sunlight from entering. Her eyes landed on the shelf that lined one of the walls of his room. There was a new photo frame that wasn't there before. The only other picture in his room was of his mother but this one was a new addition.

She squinted her eyes to make out the people in the picture. It

looked like her.

She forced herself to stand even though her legs felt like they were made of lead.

Something between a laugh and a sob left her lips as she held the frame in her hand. It was a picture of them, probably the only picture they had together.

She had forced him inside a photo booth. He was so reluctant it was funny. He had his nose scrunched up and she was laughing at his expressions. The picture had captured the raw emotion so beautifully, it made her heartache. She remembered feeling like she was on top of the world that day. The memory was so vivid, the images flashing in her head.

She couldn't leave Ethan. How could she? She loved him.

As if being doused by icy water, she snapped back to her senses. She placed the photo frame back in its place and went outside, peeking down from the railing, hoping to see him sitting on one of the couches, but he wasn't there.

She took her phone and called him. The bell rang as she checked her room and the guest room before it went on voicemail.

A wave of panic embraced her, her heart clenching painfully. Knowing his secrets didn't help. Her mind went into a hyperdrive, horrible images of him laying dead flashing in her head.

She tried his number again but it went unanswered.

"Why are you calling me?" His voice came from behind her and the relief that washed over her almost knocked her off her feet.

She ran blindly, her heart pounding in her chest as she hugged, the force of it almost knocking him backward.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," she kept repeating the words over and over, hoping they would give him some sort of comfort.

With a start, she realized he wasn't hugging her back. She pulled back and saw his bloodshot eyes and tear-stained face.

She cupped his face, resting her forehead against his, feeling the familiar feeling of peace overtake her.

"Ethan, please say something."

"You know it's dangerous. Being with me is dangerous," he said, at last, his voice hoarse.

"I'll accept all the dangers if it means having you by my side."

"You're crazy," he said but she felt his body relax against her, his arms closing around her waist to pull her closer.

"Maybe."

"I love you."

Even though she'd dreamed about this, the words still knocked the breath from her lungs.

She held onto his collar to steady herself. Her mind felt muddled,

processing the words. She wanted to remember this forever, the raw emotion in his voice, the way he held her close as if afraid she'd slip away.

"I know it's probably not the best time to say this but I love you so much, Amelia, it hurts. Every single second I spent with you made me a better person. And the way you make me feel. I haven't felt this way before and God, I don't ever want to feel this way if it isn't with you."

"Even though I snore while sleeping?" Her voice was barely above a whisper, a storm of emotion.

"I can live with that," he chuckled.

"I love you too, Ethan. I love you."

It felt surreal. Just the two of them, hands clasped, foreheads touching. It was better than anything she could have ever wished for.

"I won't let anything happen to you, I promise," he said, and she nodded.

"I know."

35| Fun and games

"You know what this means, right?" Ethan asked Amelia as they stood in front of the door of the playroom.

"That I'll have to follow everything you say and not insult you," Amelia repeated, rolling her eyes.

He'd asked this so many times now, she almost wanted to slap him and drag him inside.

He laughed from behind her, his arm snaked around her waist.

"Yes, exactly," he muttered before he opened the door and dragged her inside.

The room was dimly lit, with no windows or fans, just the air conditioning providing some comfort in the stifling heat.

She watched as Ethan locked the door, taking slow, teasing steps towards her.

Her heart thumped in her chest loudly and she clenched her thighs, feeling the anticipation in between her legs.

He held her chin between his thumb and forefinger, forcing her to look at him.

The dim lights reflecting off his face made him look heavenly. He had a soft look in his eyes, one radiating warmth and comfort. He leaned forward, his lips only just brushing her forehead but the action alone send shivers down her spine.

Then he pulled back, the softness of his face gone, replaced by a hard, dominating look.

He walked away and she instantly turned around to see where he was going. He sat at the edge of the bed.

"Strip," he ordered, his eyes never leaving hers.

Her hands went to the hem of her shirt but then she stopped.

She bit her lip, unsure if disobeying him was the best course of action but she couldn't resist the temptation.

She wanted to know what he'd do.

"What if I refuse to?" she said.

She always enjoyed riling him up, even though the consequences were terrifying. Exciting but terrifying.

He arched an eyebrow, looking very calm. It scared her more than him being angry would have had.

"Come here."

She did, walking towards him even though it felt like her knees

would give away any second.

She stood in front of him, not daring to meet his eyes.

He stood up and grabbed her arm, twisting it so fast she didn't even get time to scream.

He held it securely at her back as he grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking it back.

A whimper left her lips as her scalp seared with pain.

"Repeat what you just said and choose your words carefully," he breathed against her neck.

She wasn't sure she wanted to repeat the words with him holding her like that.

"I'm sorry, master."

She tilted her head back and saw a look of satisfaction across his face.

"That wasn't what you said," he said with mock curiosity.

"I had planned to fuck you in every position you could imagine until you begged me to stop but it isn't going to happen now."

She almost cried at the image he painted in her head, snatching it away cruelly a second later.

"I'm sorry," she tried once again, her voice cracking slightly.

"Too late," he muttered as he let her go. She whipped around to face him, marveling at how he can be so sweet one moment and so cruel the other.

"Take off your clothes and get on the bed."

His eyes held a challenge, and she immediately dropped her gaze to the floor, not in the mood for another punishment. One was more than enough for her and her heart was already threatening to burst out of her chest.

He left her standing there as she stripped off her clothes, throwing them in a pile by her feet.

He was still standing by the drawers, shuffling through stuff when she laid herself in the middle of the bed, feeling exposed and so turned on.

He came back a second later, placing something on the small bedside table. She turned around to see what it was but he held her face in his palms, making her look at him instead.

He grabbed her wrist and held it above her head, cuffing it with the handcuffs that dangled from the headrest. He did the same with her other wrist and she had to squirm around to make herself as comfortable as possible.

"Open your legs for me, slut," he whispered, his breath fanning the shell of her ear.

She almost moaned at his words, spreading her legs wide apart.

He leaned down, pushing two fingers inside her. He pulled out

almost immediately.

She gasped as she realized he'd put a vibrator inside her. She turned to him, looking at him with a pleading look.

"You want to say something?" He asked and Amelia shook her head.

She wasn't sure what she wanted to say. She was so desperate to feel something but also scared about what he planned to do to her.

"Good," he said, pulling a chair and settling himself in it.

He held her gaze as he pressed a button on the remote in his hand.

A loud moan left her lips as she felt the vibrator jump to life inside her. She grabbed onto her handcuffs, letting the blissful sensation fill her.

The speed increased teasingly slowly and she screamed, her body shaking from the pleasure.

Then it stopped. Amelia turned to Ethan, waiting for some kind of explanation. A ghost of a smirk found its way on his face. He was enjoying it too much.

He stood up and walked towards her, sitting at the edge of the mattress.

"Don't you dare come until I tell you to," he said, his eyes boring into hers.

"Please," she begged, her eyes widened in shock. She was already on the verge. She didn't know how long she'll be able to hold her orgasm.

"Please, what? You should have thought about this before disobeying me, you dirty whore."

He leaned forward, pressing a single kiss just above her collar bone before he pressed the button again.

She threw her head back, her moans filling the air. Her skin burned where he'd kissed her, reminding her of how much she wanted him.

She screamed, clenching her thighs to hold back herself back. Her arousal ran down her inner thigh, making her shiver.

"Please, Ethan," her voice came out in ragged breaths, "I can't hold it, please."

He stopped the vibrator, reaching out to wipe the tear that rolled down her cheek without her realizing it.

She took deep breaths to calm her racing heart.

"Please, fuck me like the whore I am, master."

His eyes darkened and he pulled out the vibrator, throwing it aside.

He leaned over her, freeing her arms from the handcuffs. Before she could wrap them around his neck, he snaked an arm around her

stomach and flipped her over.

He slapped her ass, earning a sharp gasp from her.

He leaned forward until his lips were mere inches from her ear and whispered, "Think twice before you disobey me next time."

She nodded weakly, knowing that it wouldn't stop her. He kissed her neck then, sucking and biting on her sensitive spot.

If punishments tasted so good, she'd gladly defy him over and over again.

She was only allowed to catch her
breath while he undressed and then he plunged inside her with one swift motion.

She screamed, her walls adjusting to his length. He kept thrusting, their breaths coming out as one until she gave in to the pressure building in the pit of her stomach.

He came with a groan, the sound melodious to her ears. He flipped her on her back once again and she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him in.

He fell on top of her, burying his face in the crook of her neck.

He allowed her a minute of rest before he peppered her with butterfly kisses once again, earning a soft giggle from her.

36| New threats

"So, you still play video games, huh?" Amelia asked as fell onto the mattress, her legs tucked under her as watched him connect a cord to his television screen.

"I used to. But then I got busy and didn't have the time to play," he said, moving around the room, connecting the speakers with the system.

He pressed a button on the remote and the screen jumped to life, colors spreading across it.

Eerie music blared from the speakers and Amelia immediately lowered the volume, feeling her eardrums hurting from the impact.

He passed a controller to her, keeping the other one to himself as he settled himself next to her, copying her position.

"Choose a character," he guided her, leaning over to explain the functions of the different colored buttons.

"How do I know which one's good?" She frowned, flicking through different characters and reading their descriptions, which popped on the screen.

"Choose anyone. They're all good," he said, turning his attention to his own game, selecting a character for himself.

Amelia settled with a character with long jet black hair and daggers in her hand.

The game opened in a ruined arena, pieces of rocks and debris of destroyed buildings littered on the floor.

Ethan paused the game, opening a manual on the screen instead.

"These are your moves," he explained, pressing the buttons on his controller to give her a demonstration.

"Ready?" He asked and she nodded, her attention fixated on the screen.

He continued the game, the frozen characters jumping to life. His character jumped forward, punching and kicking her character.

She pressed the buttons furiously, her eyes screwed up in concentration.

Ethan snickered from beside her. She was losing terribly.

"Calm down, will you? It's my first time playing," she hissed, not even getting the time to glare at him.

"Okay fine," he muttered, stopping for a minute so that she could play.

She stabbed his character over and over until Ethan took control once again and jumped away from her, waiting to get an upper hand.

He teleported behind her and she gasped, trying to get away from him but he was too fast. With one last kick, he won and the screen drew a blank.

"Hey, you cheated," she complained.

"What? No, I didn't. I won fair and square," he retorted, grinning at her.

"You're being so brutal. It's my first time playing," she repeated herself, smacking his arm.

The game reopened again for the second round in the same arena, their characters facing each other, ready to fight.

"Let me check my moves," she grumbled, opening the manual and going through the moves once again.

"Okay, ready," she said and he started the game.

She lost all sense of the moves once the game began as she blindly started hitting the buttons, throwing punches and kicks in the air.

One of their phones rang between their match, its ringtone dull over the music of the game.

"Pick up the phone," Ethan muttered, his eyes fixated on the screen, his fingers working tirelessly.

"It's your phone. You pick it up," Amelia replied.

"You're nearer to it."

"You want me to lose, don't you?" She scoffed, not even sparing him a glance.

"Jeez Am, you're so competitive," he snickered, finally pausing the game and reaching over to get the phone.

"Look who's talking," Amelia rolled her eyes.

"Hey, Ken. Everything okay?" Ethan said, picking up the call.

There was a long silence in which Ethan's face went pale, the previous glint of humor leaving his eyes, leaving them dark and empty.

"What happened?" Amelia asked, her forehead crinkling in concern.

"Where is she? Send me the location immediately," Ethan mumbled, cutting the line and throwing the phone on his bed.

"Ethan?"

"Liv. She's..." He paused, his breaths turning uneven.

"What's wrong with Liv?"

"She's been... she's been shot," he ran a hand through his hand, abruptly standing up.

"What?" Amelia gasped, her eyes widening.

"We need to go," he muttered. He looked lost, his eyes darting around the place as if wanting to hold onto some sort of glimmer of hope.

But then he walked out, leaving Amelia with a thousand questions in her head.

She got up, her legs wobbly and her head spinning. She followed after her down the stairs and into the lounge.

The previous scared Ethan was gone. Instead, he had a hard look on his face as he barked out orders to his men and they scrambled out of sight, nodding.

Amelia reached forward, holding on to his forearm and turning him around.

He blinked as if surprised to see her there.

"I'm going to the hospital. Are you coming?" He asked, his voice harsh and cold.

"Yes, of course," she said, following him out of the house.

There was a car parked outside with a guard holding out the keys for him.

Ethan grabbed the keys, unlocking the door and she stepped inside.

He revved the engine and the car roared to life as they reversed out of the house.

"Ethan," Amelia tried, placing her hand on his thigh.

He sucked in a breath, turning his head ever so slightly to look at her.

His eyes seemed swollen like he was trying to hold back his tears.

"What happened? Talk to me, Ethan."

"Noah did something to her. I'm going to kill him if anything happens to her," he gritted his teeth, his grip on the steering wheel tightening, his knuckles turning white.

"She'll be alright. She'll be okay," Amelia tried helplessly, her own hands shaking from fear.

He just nodded, his eyes fixated ahead.

The car stopped in front of a large building five minutes later and they got out, rushing through the double glass doors with terrified frenzy.

Ethan stopped at the counter, asking for Liv's room number.

The receptionist told them the floor number instead, telling them that she was in the operation theater.

They rushed along the hallway of the fifth floor scattered with people talking in hushed whispers.

Ethan was stopped from entering by one of his guards who pulled him back, telling him that the doctors were doing their best.

He grunted, his fists clenching and unclenching in frustration.

"Ethan, stop," Amelia put a hand on his shoulder to stop his pacing.

"You need to relax, okay? Liv will be alright."

"This is Noah's doing. He needs to be stopped. He's crossed the line," he muttered, pushing her hand away from him and heading back the way he came.

"Ethan, please," Amelia said, tugging on his arm to pull him back.

She wrapped her arms around his torso before he could say anything, holding onto him tightly, afraid that he'll fall apart if she let go.

It took a while before he hugged her back, resting his head on her shoulder.

"I can't lose her. I've lost my mother once. I can't lose her too," his voice broke, his body trembling.

"You won't, baby. You won't lose her."

She forced him to sit, patting his back as he tried to regain his composer.

Two doctors walked through the operation theater a few minutes later, clad in a blue and white uniform.

Ethan and Amelia walked up to them, praying against everything for some good news.

"She's out of danger and she's resting right now. You can meet her in a few hours," one of the doctors said with a smile on his face.

Some of the tension left the room and Ethan relaxed visibly, his shoulders slouching, the corners of his lips lifting in a tiny smile.

Amelia leaned against the wall, welcoming the coldness of the surface against her sweaty back, her face breaking into a grin.

Ethan wasn't sure what he was going to do with the new threat lurking over his head but he shoved the thought aside, for the time being, happy that Olivia was okay.

37 | To set things right

"Are you sure you're okay?" Ethan asked Liv for the second time as he sat beside her, Amelia on the other side of the bed.

Liv sighed, nodding her head.

"I'm fine, Ethan. Don't worry. It was just a scratch," she said, adjusting herself in her bed.

"Yeah, doesn't look like a scratch to me," Amelia muttered, eyeing the tubes sticking out of Olivia's arm.

"What does Noah want with you, anyway?" She asked, holding onto Liv's arm.

She and Ethan shared a look and Amelia frowned, looking at him questioningly.

"That reminds me, I'm going to have a little chat with him," Ethan said, his face turning dangerous as he got up to leave.

"Ethan, no," Liv called out, reaching out to stop him and Amelia jumped from her position, ready to punch him back to his senses if necessary.

"Don't worry, I'll be fine," he said to them both and walked out, closing the door behind him.

"Stop him. He's not thinking straight and he'll get himself in trouble," Liv said, her voice laced with concern.

Amelia nodded before rushing after Ethan.

He was in the corridor, talking in hushed whispers to some of his mem who nodded in response and left.

"Where do you think you're going?" Amelia asked, folding her hands over her chest as Ethan turned around to face her.

"To meet Noah."

"I'll not let you go there alone."

"Who said I'm going alone. My men are coming with me," he said, attempting to leave but she caught up to him and grabbed his forearm.

"I'm coming with you," she said before she could think what that meant.

He was probably walking in a death trap but there was no way Amelia was letting him go alone.

"No," his tone was commanding, leaving no place for debate, his expressions turning dangerous.

"Ethan it's dangerous and I won't let you go alone. So either I'm

coming with you or you're not going at all," Amelia retorted, refusing to look away from his glaring eyes.

"It is dangerous and that's precisely why you are not coming with me," he said, his voice low and way too calm.

"Ethan you're just wasting your time. You know I won't back down and you know whatever you say, you can't convince me to stay," she sighed, her grip on his forearm tightening.

"And maybe if I'm there, I can stop you from doing something stupid."

"Amelia, no. Stay with Liv," he said, freeing his arm from her grip easily.

"No, Ethan. I'm coming with you," she said, rushing after him.

He stopped so abruptly she almost ran into him and he turned around to glare at her.

"You can punish me later," she grumbled as she walked past him to get to the car before she stopped, realizing the double meaning of her words.

"I did not mean it like that," she said, turning around to face him only to find him wearing a cocky smirk.

"Oh, I'll do just that once this is over," he said, taking a step towards her and she grinned despite their circumstances.

"Let's go, shall we?" She asked, holding out her hand for him.

"You're crazy," he said with a shake of his head before he grabbed her hand and led her out of the hospital building.

"But you love me," she retorted with a sickly sweet smile.

They got inside the car and reversed out of the parking lot. Amelia turned around in her seat to see a black car following them.

"Ethan, what are you going to do once you meet Noah?" She asked.

"I'm going to make him regret ever laying a finger on Liv."

"You're not going to hurt him." It came out sounding more like an order than a request.

He turned his head to a side to meet her eyes.

"Then, what do you suggest?" He asked after a long pause.

"We'll try to talk some sense into him. I do not want a fight."

"I've tried talking nicely before. He does not listen."

"Oh, I never said anything about talking nicely."

She caught the hint of a smile on Ethan's face before she looked away, thinking of all the ways they could avoid trouble.

_____

After an excruciating long ride, Ethan stopped the car in front of an abandoned building.

"Are you sure about this?" He asked Amelia once again and she nodded.

He got out and she followed behind. She stood next to him, holding his hand, looking at the building in front of her.

The sickly grey paint was peeling off its wall and the overgrowth of wild bushes and shrubs blocked most of the way to the entrance.

Ivy crept up the walls and into the building through the broken squares that were supposed to be the windows.

Amelia felt her skin crawling from the realization of what they were here for and in how many ways it could go wrong.

But it also filled her with a certain thrill that she didn't quite understand.

Ethan subconsciously reached for the gun tucked safely in his back pocket. The location was proof enough that Noah's intentions weren't good but he hoped against all the odds that he wouldn't have to use the weapon.

They walked towards the door, avoiding the thorns and bushes as they entered the creepy building.

The disgusting smell was the first thing Amelia registered when she walked inside.

The sound of water hitting the wood from somewhere overhead was the only sound they could hear except their breathing.

The corners were filled with cobwebs and countless insects, dead and alive.

Amelia held back a shudder as she walked with Ethan towards the staircase in the center of the area.

Every step creaked beneath their weight and Ethan cringed at the sound, unsure if they were walking right in one of Noah's sick and twisted traps.

The upper landing looked a little decent. There were no insects there and the paint seemed like it had been renewed a few years ago.

There was a single bulb that hanged from the ceiling, but the sunlight was more than enough for them.

Amelia looked around, the silence gnawing at her inside.

"Hello, dear brother," the voice came from their left and they both turned towards the source.

Noah stood there in the darkness before he motioned for them to follow him.

He stopped in front of a door to his left, Ethan and Amelia behind him.

He pushed it open, the hinges creaking as he led them inside.

The inside of the room had a few sofas in the middle with a worn-out bed laying at the right end of the room.

"And I see you've bought a guest. It's nice to see you again, Amelia."

A/N: Double update to make up for my absence for the last few weeks.

A fair warning though, things are going to get very extreme after this chapter.

And a huge thanks to every single one of you for 50k reads. Your love and support means the whole world to me ❤❤

38| Unwanted trouble

Ethan barely spared a breath before he lunged forward, grabbing Noah by his collar and lifting him off his feet.

"I told you to keep Liv out of this," he said through gritted teeth, giving Amelia a stern look to keep her from stopping him.

The confident smile vanished from Noah's face and he rolled his eyes, kicking Ethan in the knees and his grip wavered.

Noah got steady on his feet, facing Ethan in what seemed like an intense staring competition.

"I never wanted to hurt Liv. You know I didn't," Noah said after a long pause, walking away from Ethan and towards Amelia.

He looked just as Amelia remembered from that night at the bar. He still reeked of arrogance.

As much as she wanted to take a step back, she stood her ground, not wanting to look afraid.

"I wanted to get a hold of this pretty lady but you have her very well protected," he said, a smirk making its way on his face.

Amelia held back a shiver, her heart thumping faster with every step he took towards her.

Before Noah could even lift a finger to touch her, he was pulled back by Ethan, and his fist connected with Noah's face.

"Don't you dare!" Ethan warned, his voice dangerously low.

Noah only grunted in response, holding his nose.

Ethan and Amelia shared a look from across the room and she shook her head at him but he only shrugged in response.

"Sit down," Ethan said to Noah, pointing at the bed while he sat down at the couch.

"You just punched me and now you're ordering me around," he complained.

"You just shot Liv, so yeah, I am ordering you around and you're going to shut up and listen to me."

"I told you shooting Liv wasn't the part of the plan. It was a mistake," Noah said and Ethan stood up once again, probably to punch him again.

"Stop it, both of you," Amelia interrupted, glaring at Ethan before she turned to Noah.

"What you do want with Ethan?" She asked, folding her hands over her chest.

Noah arched an eyebrow, a mocking grin on his face.

"I think Ethan already knows the answer to that, darling."

"And it's not going to happen," Ethan said, glaring at him.

"You're wasting your time, Noah because let me make a wild guess at why you're living at this shabby place. Your boss found out that you're conspiring against him, right?" Ethan asked and he watched with satisfaction as the color left Noah's face.

"Let's make a deal. You send one of your guys to complete the work and I'll let your girlfriend live."

"Oh, you don't have to worry about me at all. I'll live but you're not really in the position to negotiate," Amelia said, glowering at him.

Ethan knew Noah was trapped but he didn't let it show on his face. Instead, he grinned and went towards the window, peeking out at the barren road except for a single black car.

"You two sound pretty confident. Just know that I'm the one who decides whether or not you'll leave this place alive," he said, his back to them but his words carried a weight that rested painfully on both Ethan and Amelia.

"They'll kill you and you know it," Ethan tried but Noah shook his head as he turned around.

His eyes looked wild and frantic. Amelia realized with a start that he was just as scared as she was. Maybe more.

"You don't have to do this, you know? Ethan can give you protection from whomever you're running from," Amelia said and Ethan gave her a look.

She raised an eyebrow, silently asking him if he could do it. He nodded, passing her a small smile.

"Noah, just stop this nonsense. You're walking right down the path Jacob wanted us to go and I know that's not what you wanted," Ethan said, standing up as he made his way towards Noah.

He stood next to him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm already too deep in this shit to back out."

"Do you want to?"

"Maybe." He looked unsure, afraid.

"Just let me help you or else you'll die just like Jacob did."

"He was our father."

"He was a monster and nothing more. I don't want you to suffer the same fate as him."

Ethan's phone rang, interrupting the long silence that had slithered between them.

"What is it?" He asked.

"Two cars are driving up to the main gate right now. What do you want me to do?" His men said.

"Don't do anything until I tell you to. Stay out of their sight and keep an eye on them," Ethan ordered before he hung up and turned to Noah, murder in his eyes.

He grabbed him by the front of his shirt.

"I thought for a second that maybe you're ready to accept our help but now you're ordering your guys to surround us," he spat.

Amelia stood up immediately, feeling the cold blade of the knife press against her thigh.

She'd burrowed one of Kenneth's knives before she entered the building. He'd been reluctant but Amelia had convinced him to lend it to her without Ethan knowing.

She wasn't sure how to even use the weapon but something was better than nothing.

"What are you talking about? I don't have anyone surrounding the area," Noah said, deep frowns lining his forehead.

He sounded honest so Ethan let him go and he walked towards the window with hurried, frightened steps, looking out at the once empty street.

"Shit! They're my boss' men. Someone must have ratted me out."

"The boss you wanted me to kill?" Ethan asked, realizing how screwed they were.

Noah nodded and the three jumped into action. Amelia pulled the blade from her pants as Ethan took out his gun.

"Where did you get that?" Ethan asked Amelia, eyeing the dagger in her hands.

"Does it matter? Come on, we need to get out of here," she said, motioning for Noah and Ethan to hurry up.

Noah rushed towards the worn-out bed and tugged at the mattress, revealing a stack of pistols beneath it.

He shoved one of them in his belt and held two in his hands.

"You'll need something bigger than that blade if you want to make out of this alive," he said, handing a gun to Amelia.

She nodded, turning the weapon in her hand, making her mind to not hesitate to pull the trigger if need be.

Ethan was talking to his men guarding the house, giving them instructions and orders.

Once the line disconnected, he pulled Amelia by the arm to one corner of the room.

"Stay next to me, okay? We'll get out of this," he said and she saw her own fear mirrored in his eyes.

Amelia nodded and he reached out for her hand, finding comfort in her presence. Her hand fit with his perfectly.

Gunshots and shouts echoed on the lower floor, jeering catcalls asking for Noah.

The three braced themselves as they loaded their guns, ready to face the homicidal crowd below.

Noah handed them both pieces of cloths to hide their face, saying that the two of them would stay out of trouble as long as the mob didn't know their identity.

Amelia was Ethan's priority and he went out the door with only her safety in his mind. She was going to make it out of that hell hole even if he didn't.

39| Hold on just a little tighter

Ethan pushed himself against the wall, the shadows giving him cover.

He crept along the wall towards the rickety staircase, the voices of the crowd growing louder.

He subconsciously reached for Amelia's hand, who was right behind her and she let her fingers brush against his knuckles, silently letting him know that she was okay.

He could hear footsteps ascending the stairs and he cocked his gun, his finger hovering over the trigger but before the men on the stairs could reach the upper level, loud booms echoed downstairs.

That was their cue.

"Come on," he whispered to Amelia and Noah as he made his way downstairs.

His men had entered the building and opened fire to create a distraction. All he had to do was find a way out and keep everyone safe.

The floor shook from the impact of the disaster that had broken down and his ears rang as one after another shot was fired.

How many of his men were injured? How many were struggling to stay alive? He'd led them all to their death and now he was running away like a coward.

His steps faltered and Amelia bummed into him before a terrified gasp left her lips.

Two men stood on the stairs, blocking their way, their rifles pointed at Ethan's chest.

One of them was lanky, his weight shifting from one foot to another while his fingers toyed with the rifle in his hands. He looked nervous, almost as if he didn't want to be involved.

The other was almost as tall as Ethan but he had a murderous gleam in his eyes. His eyes roved over their group before stopping on Noah.

His scared face broke into an ugly grin and Ethan knew he was going to lead his friends to them.

Before he could open his mouth to say something, Ethan bashed the back of his gun against his skull and the guy fell to the floor in a heap.

In an instant, Noah grabbed the lanky one with the front of his

shirt and closed his hand in a fist, seeking his target.

The guy dodged Noah's fist, hooking his leg behind his ankle and Noah fell to the floor with a loud thump.

Before Ethan could blink, the guy was behind Amelia, a knife to her throat.

He watched in horror as her eyes widened, her mouth open in a scream that didn't leave her throat.

Ethan's finger hovered above the trigger but he didn't dare pull it with Amelia acting like a shield.

"Clear my way and I'll let her go," the guy said, his voice shaky.

Ethan immediately let his weapon drop to the ground, lifting his hands in the air.

"Put down the gun," Ethan growled at Noah and he hesitantly put his gun down on the floor.

Ethan's eyes met Amelia's, her chest rising and falling with panicked breaths but she managed a nod before she let her head fall back with all the force she could muster, slamming it into her captor's skull.

He groaned, his grip around her throat loosening and she took the opportunity, slipping out of his grip.

Ethan picked up his gun, shooting the guy in his stomach. A scream left his mouth as he held onto his abdomen, blood gushing through his wound and soaking his shirt.

"Are you okay?" He asked Amelia, his eyes scanning her.

She nodded and he wrapped his arm around her waist. She was shaking, beads of cold sweat lining her forehead. He held onto her, guiding her through the stairs as inconspicuously as possible.

Ethan looked over his shoulder to the guy he'd shot, who laid bleeding on the stairs.

No one would hear his pleas for help and he'd die from blood loss.

Ethan had done that. He'd killed someone.

He looked down at his hand, the one that held the gun but he couldn't make out the shape. His vision was getting blurry.

They turned to their left as soon as the stairs finished. There was a back door from which they could escape. Although Noah had doubted it would be an easy escape, it would be far easier than leaving from the main door.

Ethan forced himself to keep his feet on the ground, to get everyone to safety but he was drifting away.

He could still hear the sounds of the chaos that had broken around them but they sounded distant.

"Ethan, are you okay?" Amelia said and he realized he was shaking.

"What is happening to him?" Noah asked.

"I don't know but we need to make sure he's okay," Amelia replied as she heaved him to a space under the staircase to give them cover.

Ethan tried to tell her that he was okay, that they should continue but his mouth felt wired shut.

He felt the cold surface behind him and he looked down on his hands to see them covered with blood.

Amelia and Noah were drifting from view and instead, he was standing in a dark building, his father's face looming in front of him, dangerous and terrifying.

Ethan was ten, a gun in his hands, identical to the one he had with him just seconds ago.

You took someone's life, Ethan.

His father's voice, loud and clear, echoing in his head.

I guess that makes you the same monster you accused me of being.

He was not. He wasn't his father but there was no denying it, he had killed someone.

Through the darkness, he heard the whisper of Amelia's voice, calling him back to her.

He held onto the voice, allowing her to bring him back to the light.

He woke with a gasp, blinking rapidly to adjust to the sudden brightness. They were under the shelter of the stairs and Amelia stood in front of him, her hand cupping his face.

Noah stood a distance away from them, his back to them, keeping watch.

"Are you okay? What happened?" Amelia asked worriedly.

"I killed someone, Am. I killed someone," he said the words, forcing down the guilt that bubbled in his chest.

"Ethan, stop, listen to me. You saved my life."

He knew she was right. He had promised to protect her and he would kill a thousand more if it meant never seeing the horrified look on her face when the guy held a knife to her throat.

He managed a nod, lifting his body off the ground. He pulled the knot of the piece of cloth that covered his face tighter, making sure it was still intact.

"Come on, we need to leave," he said to Noah as he walked towards the back door.

Noah broke the lock with the back of the gun and they went outside only to be faced with three of the goons.

The sunlight was a relief after all the darkness but it didn't last long as the men took their guns and started shooting at them.

The air was thick with chaos as they fired shots after shots and the three of them ducked, shooting blindly over their shoulders as

they rushed towards the trash cans to take cover.

Ethan looked over his shoulder, squeezing two shots. One missed the giant guy but the other hit him in the foot.

Noah's shot hit its target and one of the guys fell to the floor.

Ethan pushed Amelia behind the trash can and was about to join the fight before two gunshots echoed and the remaining two of their opponents fell to the floor, not dead but in enough pain to let them escape.

Kenneth stood behind them, his gun held high, his clothes bloodied and a torn piece of cloth wrapped around his bloody shoulder.

"The cars are here. Go," he said and Noah and Amelia rushed towards the black car parked at the corner.

"Are you okay?" Ethan asked Ken, eyeing his shoulder.

"I'm fine. We're outnumbered even with the backup you called. You go and we'll be right behind you," he said.

"Call them out right now. I don't want to lose any more of my guys."

"Okay," Ken nodded, walking back towards the abandoned building.

Ethan rushed towards the car, Amelia standing in front of the door, waiting for him, a huge smile on her face despite everything she'd faced.

A shot sounded from somewhere behind him followed by a terrible burning in his ribs.

Mind wiring from the sudden pain, he touched his fingers to the spot and found red, sticky blood covering his hands and his shirt.

Amelia was screaming but he couldn't hear her over the panic in his head.

He managed to look over his shoulder and saw the wounded man Kenneth had shot, laying in the pool of his blood, a gun in his hands, and a triumphant smile on his face.

Amelia was rushing towards him. She looked pale as if the blood had been sucked from her body. He blinked once before his knees hit the ground and darkness enveloped his senses for the second time that day.

40| A love that lasts

Amelia stood frozen, her feet stuck to the ground, her lips parted in a scream that tore through her lungs.

Her world stopped spinning as she watched Ethan fall to the ground. For a second, she thought the bullet had pierced her skin and not Ethan's.

It would have been so much easier if it was her instead of Ethan in the way of the shooter.

She willed her feet to move, to reach him, to feel his heartbeat, and then she was running.

She felt light-headed, her mind wiring. She wasn't sure what she'd seen. Her mind screamed at her to deny the reality of the situation.

She went to her knees next to Ethan, her hand cupping his cheek.

"No, no, no, Ethan, please wake up. Please wake up, Ethan." Her voice sounded strange to her.

She couldn't lose him. She couldn't. She didn't know what she'd do without Ethan.

"Ma'am, we need to get him to a hospital." Kenneth was beside her, helping her on her feet, lifting Ethan's body, and heaving his weight on his shoulders.

He was heading back to the building on Ethan's order when the shot had rung and he'd come running back to them.

Amelia dimly registered the smug look on the face of Ethan's shooter before the knife was in her hands. She rushed towards him, her rage and grief making it hard to think properly.

She saw his eyes widen in surprise and maybe fear as he tried to grope for his gun.

She didn't give him the chance.

She lunged the knife in his already injured body, her body shaking uncontrollably, her vision blurry from unshed tears.

He gasped weakly, the sound painful to Amelia's ears before his body went limp. A sob tore past her lips as she tried to drag herself off the ground and back towards Ethan.

She and Ethan had both became killers tonight. Lost a part of themselves in a fight that wasn't theirs but she wouldn't lose Ethan.

She'd get him back even if it meant dragging him back from the dead herself.

———————

Amelia pressed down on Ethan's chest with the cloth that was tied around her nose a few minutes ago.

The car rushed forward, Kenneth driving as fast as possible, his palm pressed on the horn.

Amelia cupped Ethan's cheek, patting it lightly to bring him back to consciousness.

A soft gasp left his lips and Amelia held her breath, her hands subconsciously balling into fists.

"Please wake up," she whispered, her voice rough from the crying.

His eyes fluttered open and Amelia wanted to kiss him, to hold him tighter, to pull him closer. She didn't want him to close his eyes ever again.

His lips lifted in a smile, a painful smile but a smile nevertheless. His eyes were darker than normal, hiding all his pain.

He reached forward, his hand cupping her cheek. She could feel the cold, sticky smudge of blood on his palm.

He winched, trying to adjust himself. His head was on Amelia's lap.

"Be careful," she said, helping him get as comfortable as possible.

He wiped the tear that rolled down her face, his touch unfamiliarly cold.

"You know, you're always the one who brings me back to the light," Ethan whispered, his thumb drawing circles on her cheek.

She frowned, holding onto his arm.

"The last time I fainted, I was in the dark but then I heard your voice and you led me back towards the light."

His voice was dazed but his gaze held hers firmly.

Amelia felt fresh tears roll down her cheek. She shook her head, her breath hitching as she held his face in her hands, struggling to form words.

"You're my light, Am. The first time I saw you in my office, you were wearing a blue top with butterflies on it, and a part of me knew you'd ruin me. And that you did. You ruined me in the most beautiful way possible."

"Ethan, please, stop. Please," she begged.

She couldn't do it. Not when she could feel his pulse slowing beneath her fingers. Not when she could hear his breaths getting uneven.

"I need you to know," Ethan whispered.

She wanted to know. She wanted him to tell her this the next day or the day after that and again and again for the rest of her life.

For now, she only needed him to stay. To hold on a little longer despite the pain it was causing him.

"You are my heart and soul, Amelia. You're everything I need to

survive."

A sob racked her body, snatching the breath from her lungs. She was shaking her head, her throat burning from the tears she was holding back.

"Ethan, please, don't leave me," she choked out.

"I love you," he said instead, a tear rolling down his cheek.

She sobbed, resting her forehead against his.

"I love you too."

But he didn't hear it. He had closed his eyes once again, an almost peaceful expression on his face.

_____

Amelia paced the lobby of the hospital, her heart hammering against her chest.

She wiped her palms on her pants, something she'd started doing while waiting for news on Ethan.

He was in the ICU for almost an hour now and Amelia was feeling sick with every passing second.

She'd thrown up once and now she felt her stomach twisting in a knot once again, bile rising up her throat.

She leaned against the ICU door, pressing her face against the looking glass. Ethan laid unconscious, numerous IVs and cords attached to him.

The heart monitor showed the slow and uneven rhythm of his heart.

Amelia wanted to lend him her breaths if she could. She felt the familiar burn of tears in the back of her throat and she inhaled sharply to compose herself.

The door opened and a doctor came out, discarding a pair of bloody gloves.

"How is he?" Amelia asked, blocking the doctor's path.

The nurses were taking him to another room. Amelia forced herself to look away from his pale face and focus on the doctor in front of her.

"He's lost a lot of blood but he's in a stable condition for now. The next few hours are very crucial for him. If he doesn't wake up, we can't do anything to save him."

Amelia nodded weakly, rushing past the doctors and to the room when Ethan had been transferred.

A dry sob left her mouth as she settled in the chair next to Ethan's bed, holding his hand in hers.

She brushed the hair off his face, resting her forehead against his, longing for the familiar feeling of comfort or peace but the only thing she felt was dread.

"You can't leave me, Ethan. I don't know how to live without you.

I want you by my side and if you don't wake up, I'll..."

Her voice broke. What if he didn't wake up? What was she supposed to do then? She couldn't leave her heart behind and move on.

Amelia didn't realize when, between all her mumbling and crying, she felt fatigue take over and drifted off to sleep.

She woke to her hand being squeezed tightly.

Her eyes fluttered open, the darkness making it hard to see around properly.

But she could still very clearly make out the shape on the bed, his head raised, his gaze on her.

She stared at him for a second, her heart in her throat. He squeezed his hand once again and a smile lit up his features.

That bastard.

"You have me worried to death for two days and now you're grinning?" Amelia asked, trying to keep her voice strict but she couldn't stop the happiness seeping through her words.

"What can I say?" Ethan shrugged, his voice like a balm to her shattered mind.

She threw her arms around his neck. A choked sob left her lips and then she was crying once again, her body shaking uncontrollably.

The weight of everything that had happened in the last forty-eight hours hit her like a punch to the gut.

The fight, the blood, the guy she'd killed. Not being able to listen to Ethan's beautiful voice for so long.

He stroked her hair, his arms engulfing her body in its protective cocoon.

"It's okay, baby. You're alright. I'm right here. Everything's okay now," he whispered.

"I swear if you ever thought of leaving me again, I'll kill you," she managed in between sobs.

"I won't. I promise. I'm right here."

She didn't know how long it took her to gather the strength to tear herself away from him. She finally turned on the light to get a good look at him.

He looked pale, his body weaker than she'd ever seen him but he was alive and he was hers.

"I should get a doctor. You need to be checked up," she said but she couldn't move, afraid that he'd fall back into unconsciousness if she left his side.

He hummed in response, holding out his hand for her as he scooted away, making space for her.

His face contorted in pain before he slowly relaxed.

"I'm fine but you look like you haven't slept in ages," he said.

She hasn't slept for two days and the offer to sleep next to Ethan was too tempting.

"That's because I haven't slept in ages," she said, climbing onto the small bed and squeezing herself next to him.

He wrapped his arms around her as she buried her face in his chest.

She knew that his presence would keep the nightmares at bay. It somehow always did.

She allowed herself to relax. She knew that they'd get through this mess together and she knew that as long as Ethan was by her side, she could survive anything.

"I love you, Ethan Williams."

Epilogue

Ethan wasn't sure how he found himself in the middle of his room with a guitar in his hands but he did know that Amelia possessed wonderful persuasive skills.

She could persuade someone to rob a bank for her with just a look.

Or maybe it was just him who couldn't resist her.

"This is the last time I'm doing this," Ethan said as he pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Okay," Amelia giggled, knowing full well it wasn't true.

Ethan knew it too and he rolled his eyes, a grin spreading across his lips.

He took a deep breath and focused all his attention on the guitar, his fingers hitting the strings roughly as if giving himself a try run. The music reverberated around them and Amelia found herself smiling.

She stared at him, her heart beating a familiar rhythm against her chest.

His forehead was wrinkled with concentration, his nose scrunched up just the tiniest bit. It made him look adorable.

Ethan cleared his throat and looked up, the black of his eyes lighter now, more chocolatey brown.

She had learned to notice the slightest change in the color of his eyes, depending on his mood.

She had told him that his eyes got lighter whenever he was happy and he had laughed, telling her she was crazy.

"Eyes don't change color depending on your mood, love," he had said and Amelia had shrugged, dropping the topic but she knew she was right.

"Someone's drooling," his voice brought her back, warm and comforting.

Amelia laughed, shaking her head.

"It's not my fault you're worth drooling over," she shrugged, eyes glinting mischievously

He smirked, eyebrow raised. "Don't tempt me, Am."

She giggled, shaking her head. "I want to hear you sing first, please."

He was about to say something when a knock interrupted them.

"Come in," Amelia called and the door swung open, revealing Liv standing in the frame.

Her eyes darted from Amelia, who was sitting cross-legged near Ethan's feet to Ethan with a guitar in his hands and her face lit up.

"Oh my god," she gushed, rushing towards his side, placing her hand on his shoulder, "He's doing it again," she said, suddenly getting teary-eyed.

"She forced me to," Ethan said, pointing accusingly at Amelia who grinned in response.

Liv gave Amelia a proud look and Amelia noticed the square box she was clutching to her chest.

"You can join us," Amelia offered but she shook her head.

"Oh, no, I don't want to ruin the moment but Ethan, you're going to play for me later," she said.

"Look what you've done," Ethan said, heaving an exaggerated sigh but he was smiling.

Liv laughed, giving her head a little shake but then her expression got serious once again.

"This came for you," she said, holding the box out for Ethan.

Ethan nodded, taking the velvet-covered box from her.

"I'll leave you both to it then," she said.

She paused by the door and turned around.

"Is it from him?" She asked, a worried look in her eyes.

"Yes. He's safe," Ethan said. He had opened the box, revealing a variety of sweets and a note.

A relieved look crossed Liv's features and then she was gone.

Ethan was staring at the note and Amelia placed her hand on his knee to get his attention.

"Is everything okay?" She asked, noticing how his eyes had suddenly gotten a little darker.

He nodded, handing the note to her.

We used to watch it on T.V and think that we would go visit it together. I guess doing it alone doesn't suck as much as I thought it would.

Give her my love and tell her I'm sorry.

-N

"So, where is he?" She asked.

"Turkey."

Amelia waited for him to continue. He always had something to say after one of Noah's notes. Some memory or something they used to do when they were kids.

"We watched a show on T.V once with hot air balloons and the most wonderful view and we asked Mom what place it was. She told us it was Turkey and Noah was so excited and he said he would

take me and mom to Turkey once he was older."

Amelia got on her knees, cupping his face in her palms.

She hated seeing him with dark eyes now that she knew it meant that he was upset.

She leaned forward, capturing his lips in a gentle kiss. He sighed against her mouth and they broke apart, their foreheads touching.

"He'll be fine," she said and he nodded in response.

Ever since Noah had gone into hiding, he sent them notes or trinkets to tell them he was alive and well.

All his notes ended the same way. *Give her my love and tell her I'm sorry*.

Liv always got teary-eyed after one of Noah's notes, saying how much she wanted to tell him that she had forgiven him long ago.

Amelia wondered if Liv had ever been mad at him to begin with, despite everything he did.

"We can leave it if you want," she said, seeing the distracted look on Ethan's face.

"No, I'm fine," he smiled, shaking his head.

A part of her hated Noah. For almost ruining their lives once, for making Ethan worry all the time now. But the other part wanted for him to be back with them so that Ethan and Liv can relax.

She hated seeing them worry for someone who didn't deserve it. But he was their family so Amelia kept her thoughts under wraps, not wanting to share them with Ethan.

He cleared his throat and adjusted the guitar on his lap, his fingers striking the strings perfectly now.

He closed his eyes and allowed the music to flow through him.

"Wise men say, only fools rush in."

His voice was shaky at first but he slowly found his pitch, the heavy tone returning.

"But I can't help falling in love with you."

He opened his eyes and looked at her at that and Amelia felt as if someone had knocked the breath out of her lungs.

She was transported back to that first time he had touched her. His hands were rough against her skin, sending shivers down her spine and his eyes were dark.

She felt the same shivers now, her heart beating fast.

Shall I stay? Would it be a sin, if I can't help falling in love with you?"

He had grown a light stubble and it made him look all the more hot. Amelia hadn't thought it was possible but she was proven wrong.

His hair was growing wildly but only because she told him to not cut them. He looked more handsome with the unruly look about him.

"Like a river flows, surely to the sea, some things are meant to be."

She wanted this moment to last forever. He looked peaceful, his eyes closed, his shoulders relaxed. Amelia could keep staring at him for the rest of her life.

"So, take my hand." He placed the guitar down and got up, offering her his hand.

She obliged as he pulled her to his feet.

"Take my whole life too."

He twirled her around and she giggled, allowing him to guide her.

He snaked his arm around her waist and pulled her close. She laughed, placing her hand on his shoulder.

He grabbed her free hand and pulled her along with him, their bodies finding their rhythm.

"For I can't help falling in love with you," he finished with a flourish as he lowered Amelia for a dip.

She allowed herself to bend backward, leaning gracefully against his grip.

They stood in the quiet for a long time, their foreheads touching, smiles so wide as if etched onto their faces permanently.

"I love you," she whispered and he responded by pulling her in a kiss. Words weren't Ethan's thing.

He showed his love through his actions. He gave her gifts almost every week, he gave her massages, and he kissed her whenever he felt overwhelmed by his love for her. He even let her practice his doodling skills on his arms.

But he knew she craved affection in all the ways a person could. So he tried to find words to let her know how beautiful she was, to tell her he loved her more than he had ever loved anyone in his entire life. That he would die for her and he would kill for her.

But the truth was, he always lost his ability to speak when she was looking at him with wide, blue eyes. He saw his world in front of him and it always left him speechless.

His mouth moved against hers hungrily. She knew where it would lead so she pushed him back gently.

"I want to ask you something," she said with a grin, hooking her arms behind his neck.

She had trimmed her hair down to her neck but it had almost grown back to her shoulders now, falling in soft waves and her blue eyes shone.

"I want to ask you something as well," Ethan said, his voice suddenly losing the confidence it always possessed.

"Okay," she frowned, "I'll go first?"

Ethan nodded and she unhooked her arms from around his neck,

walking towards the side table placed on her side of the bed.

Ethan's gaze followed her as she pulled open a drawer and started rummaging through it.

His room had been completely changed once Amelia had moved in. His once minimalist room was now cluttered with clothes and decorative pieces.

His wardrobe was more hers than his and she had taken over the dressing table completely as well.

Ethan smiled. He loved their room. It always smelled of her.

She walked back, her palm closed around something as she stood in front of him once again.

"I've been thinking about it for so long and Ethan, I've never been so sure about anything in my life. You are so perfect in every way, Ethan, and I just want you forever next to me," her voice was low and Ethan felt like he could hear the beating of his heart in the quiet of the room.

"I want to marry you," she said, opening her hand to reveal a little box covered with black velvet.

Ethan felt like his heart would burst. He was sure he had never been this happy in his life.

"Will you marry me?"

"Is that even a question?" He was a little breathless.

"Ethan!"

"Okay, sorry, yes. Yes for a thousand more lifetimes, Am."

He laughed as she got down on one knee, a little unsurely, and pulled open the box.

It was a plain silver band but on closer look, there were stars engraved on it, splattered with little intervals.

He offered her his hand and she slid the band on his ring finger easily.

He leaned down, capturing her lips in a gentle kiss as he pulled her up.

"I love you," she said, her eyes filled with unshed tears.

"My turn," he whispered and she frowned.

"Your turn?"

"Uh-huh," he said, before pulling out a little box, the same as Amelia except it was red.

She let out an audible gasp, covering her mouth with her palm.

"I've been carrying this with me for a month now," he confessed.

"Why didn't you do it sooner, then, you idiot," she whispered, smacking his arm lightly.

"I'm glad I didn't. Would have missed your part, then," he laughed, pulling her in for a quick kiss before he went down on his knees.

"I'm in love with you, Am. You make me a better person. You bring out the best in me. You know how to deal with me when I'm being a dick and you love so hard it leaves me breathless every single time."

"I can't imagine life without you in it so, will you marry me?"

"I promise to play for you whenever you wish. I'll let you use my arms as your canvas for the rest of our lives and I promise I'll never leave."

Amelia wasn't sure when she'd started crying.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes, I'll marry you, Ethan," she said, a laugh-sob emitting from the back of her throat.

Ethan gave her a lopsided grin, pulling out the ring from the box. She went down on her knees, getting at eye level with him before pulling him into a kiss.

He threw his arms around her neck, deepening the contact. His tongue traced her lower lip before he bit it softly. She opened her mouth, granting him access but he pulled back.

He was still holding out the ring and she giggled, placing her hand into his outstretched palm.

The ring fit perfectly around her finger. It was a silver band with a tear-shaped diamond on it.

"Read the inscription," Ethan said and she took it off, turning it over in her palm.

Both our infinities combined.

A sob left her lips as she read it. Ethan remembered how she'd asked him to promise her he'll always be with her and he'd replied

"*You'll always find me right next to you because I love you. More than both our infinities combined."*

It has almost been two years since that. When he'd been so close to leaving. But he came back to her and the only thing that had made him fight for his life that day was his promise to her that he'll always be with her.

She had repeated Ethan's words a lot over the course of two years so it felt right to engrave them

"Does it mean we are married?" She asked, her arms around his neck, her lips inched apart from his.

"I guess," he shrugged, "but there are vows and all that official stuff left."

"Do we really need it?"

"Not really but I would like to be officially married to you."

She hummed in response and Ethan couldn't stop himself anymore.

He pressed his lips against hers, moving with a passion and hunger that made Amelia gasp.

He broke apart, his eyes dark. The lust-filled dark.

He threw her over his shoulder and Amelia let out a yelp. She somehow never got used to it.

He opened the door and carried her all the way to the playroom. She heard the lock clicking and then they were inside.

His hand came in contact with her ass and she groaned at the sensation that ran down to the tip of her toes.

He put her down and she immediately dropped her gaze to the floor.

In this room, she was his submissive and she didn't dare look at him directly.

"Strip," he ordered and Amelia immediately got out of her pajamas and sweatshirt.

She was naked underneath.

He cupped her face, dragging the pad of his thumb across her lower lip.

He grabbed her chin and made her look at him.

"I love you," he whispered.

"Remember your safe word because I'm going to be brutal. Is that okay?" He asked and she nodded, feeling a wet patch at the anticipation.

A/N: The chapter was 2,500 words long so I'm leaving it here but don't worry, you aren't being robbed. There will be an epilogue 2.0 (I know there isn't such a thing but I'm the author so I make the rules ;)